TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Can we deny that men are raised up for a purpose and their vision made clear and their lives lengthened amidst extraordinary vicissitudes? Must we not admit, no matter how our feelings may be disturbed by the petty things that surround us and the dull eyes which see so little save that which is sordid and personal, that

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

Arising from out the clamor of politics and taking a place in the hearts of the people and in the control of the nation, men sometimes occupy conspicuous places without a reason sufficient to satisfy even those who have been most active in placing them there. An inexplicable affection is born in the heart of the masses, so steadfast and gentle that mistakes are overlooked and sins forgiven, and thus, even when magnified by the frailty of the popular hero and intensified by the unscrupulous criticism of ambitious rivals, grave errors of judgment make no impression on those who usually are hard to satisfy and easy to make afraid. Words which would be of light weight if heard from the lips of others, are held to be pearls of wisdom as the people's hero defends his cause and outlines his policy. Every movement, every gesture is noticed, remembered and quoted. Other men apparently superior in ability, attainments and virtue, when placed in comparison are ridiculed, defeated or despised until it sometimes seems as if it were useless to oppose or endeavor to direct the enormous power which popular enthusiasm or inscrutable fate has placed in the hands of this leader of the people. Time in its progress, the moon in its changes, the sun in its seasons seem to evolve from the Uncontrollable those things which destroy others while they uplift and make more secure the chosen one, who sometimes seems to scarcely understand and seldom to direct the fortunes of the hour. Unless extraordinary foresight or an instinct akin to inspiration guides such men, we must become believers in blind luck, the fool's fatalism, the despair of those who fight against the Unseen.

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Among such men that the gods seem to have made great, Sir John Macdonald is the most conspicuous example in the history of Canada. Unless we believe in the fatalism of the heathen or the God of the Christian, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of the depth, breadth and meaning of so singular a career. I shall not endeavor to add to the vast volume of so-called biography and hazy reminiscence which at the present moment is deluging the country. Of the birth, youth and early struggles of Sir John, every one has had an opportunity to inform himself. All those who have touched his hand or heard his voice have hastened to obscure the true meaning of his life by the repetition of stories and the recital of stale descriptions of trivial events. No man who feels an aptitude for public life or the stirring within him of genius, need fear the censoriousness of a public which forgave so many early mistakes and social errors. Even those things which in a trivial life ostracize men, are nothing but milestones in the history of that virility which leads captive mankind. We may wonder as we watch, we may suffer as we wait, but true courage, persistence and a man's belief in himself and his possibilities overcome all things. We are born, and whence cometh the mainspring of our life we know not. The things which control us, the circumstances which evolve us, the fates which make us triumph we cannot understand; but the lives of all men who are, or have been, great makes plain the principle that the children of genius cannot for long be obscured by defeat. Nor hath it entered into the mind of man to mark at birth or proclaim at death the names of those who have been specially upraised.

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Amidst changes for which many contended and against which thousands fought, during a reconstruction of constitutions, the confederation of provinces, the control of innumerable diverse interests Sir John held his place. While the chiefs of mighty factions fought and fell, while a new geography was planned, a new constitution created, while a revolution was begun and ended, while questions were discussed and feuds engendered this great man whose greatness was denied by his opponents and admitted without explicable reason by his friends, maintained his supremacy. Promises were made without regard to the possibility of fulfillment. Friends beseught him, enemies besieged him, and yet smilingly in the midst of such conflicts the great old man jested with his friends, jeered at his enemies, triumphed when other men would have been overwhelmed and became the idol of the people when men esteemed greater were offered in sacrifice.

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It would be unbecoming in speaking of departing greatness to make any attempt to overlook or belittle those special qualities so seldom recognized as the central and controlling influence of a successful life. If skill as a rhetorician were to be the standard by which we judge statesmen, Edward Blake would long ago have superseded Sir John. If capacity for detail, rugged honesty of purpose, a contempt for those things by which ordinary politicians intrench themselves were recognized, Alexander Mackenzie even in his palsied age would be still premier. If being the son of a sect and the apostle of a creed were to make a man supreme, Sir John would have neither attained nor retained the confidence of the people. Then there seems to be something behind all these things, some power to divine that which should be done and that which must happen. Associated with this phase of life, invariably it seems to me, is the happy knack of making friends, which until the tide turns and great things are to be accomplished is often the unfortunate tendency to make enemies. The man who knows what is to take place and is thoroughly convinced of what should and must come about, is impatient and often unpopular until he is intrusted with the management of affairs and can demonstrate the correctness of his theories. Accident or the design of Providence early placed Sir John in a position where he could prove his aptness as a leader of men and the director of affairs. Long continued success, an almost reckless disregard of the opinion of others, a buoyant cheerfulness, an unobtrusive egotism which only betrayed itself in his apparent faith that he was born to live and be supreme, characterized Sir John from the beginning and entered into that valorous fight for life which

Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald.

betokened the departure from earth of a spirit such as is not usually confined by so feeble a tenement of clay.

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The central feature of his life and policy was his Canadianism. I presume that there has been no observant man who has not thought out or contended for some different course, some more radical method than was pursued by Sir John. Yet after the lapse of so many years it is more or less evident that the imperialism of the Premier's idea, the compromises that seemed un-Canadian, the adoption of methods which had they been used without a grand and glorious purpose would have been almost indefensible, were absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of a purpose, were a part of the plan of a mind illumined by genius and directed by the sacred fire of patriotism.

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Sir John was a self-contained man. He was hail fellow with everybody; he seemed to lean upon many, counselled with a select few, but after all he stood absolutely alone. Who can fail to sympathize with the loneliness of a life throughout which it was impossible to confide in any man or at any moment to open his heart to the gaze of the multitude, lest a sinister meaning be discovered as the shadow of his worthiest impulse! When we sit together and endeavor to find a good meaning, it is not hard to discover a patriotic purpose, while to those in opposition and anxious to strengthen attack, improper motives first suggest themselves. I do not conceive it to be that empty charity which leads us to speak well of the dying or the dead, when we discover a grand and beautiful purpose, thoroughly Canadian and gloriously great, in the life which is just about to close. Cruel criticism has made the path to these grand aims a penitential progress, and yet there has never been a career without regard to personal comfort, luxury or self-indulgence which did not open itself to the attack of those who cannot conceive of either patriotism or grandeur of impulse in what can be misrepresented as corrupt selfishness or dishonorable ambition. As this great career, lasting through so many years, conspicuous amidst events which might have obliterated us from the list of nations or caused our absorption by voracious neighbors, grew to the highest point of its eminence, those who waited anxiously for it to close proclaimed that the popular appreciation and support which Sir John had received marked a lamentable degeneracy of public appreciation the decay of honor and a putridity of political morals so astounding as to be indescribable.

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Now, a nation of mourners, as we mentally pass the casket in which the dead Premier lies, as we stand and whisper about the doors through which the departed one shall pass, as we observe the corridors of our political structure draped in mourning, as the flags fly at half mast and the bells toll, it is as easy for us to forget the trivial blemishes in a great life as to hush in our ears the sound of the petulant words and to hide from our eyes the frown of a loved one personally dear. It is said that womankind mourn most and weep longest for those who die. Sir John has somehow become a part of every household, and women who had by no means been taught to revere him have everywhere contributed by their tears to the gentle rain of sorrow, which seldom in the history of the world has moistened the unbeautiful earth about a grave. Men busy, apparently unfeeling, rough of speech and often careless of the feelings of others, spoke gently when asking "What news of Sir John?" and went upon their way sorrowful when told that he was dying. Such a general tribute, such a genuine recognition of patriotism, such a downfall of tears make memorable the departure of one whose death will be a national calamity. It is a proof that a true Canadian shall not live unobserved or die unregretted. It is an undying evidence that Canadians are neither prepared to forfeit their name, forget their past, nor to forego the future which is within their grasp.

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The difficulty experienced by the people of mentally selecting a successor, is at once an evidence of the solitary supremacy of Sir John and the forgetfulness of one absorbed in a great task to do as Longfellow did, when as the aged anniversarian of his class in college he wrote *Morituri Salutamus*, "We who are about to die salute you." It may be that a last will and testament may be discovered giving the ideas of the dead Premier as to the disposal of the vast estate which he has so long administered. Even should there be no such voice from the past, we have the impulse of a great people and leaders who have been brought out by the events which marked our evolution from a group of colonies. Sir John Thompson is said to be sagacious, but is objected to because of his creed. Sir Charles Tupper is the choice of those who because they anticipate trouble want a fighting man. Mr. Abbott is suggested by those who want a compromise. The proposals, the names and the thoughts they suggest are features of our history. To enter into their merits would be to describe the conditions under which we live; to predict the name or describe the character of anyone who can permanently succeed Sir John would be to outline something akin to a revolution, or to define a series of further compromises that the enemies of liberty have not yet defined and which true patriots have hardly admitted as a dread possibility. The result we need not dread. The world is too old to be again wrapped in the swaddling clothes of superstition. Canada has outlived her infantile weakness. It is not now the question of a skilful nurse or a proper tutor, but of commercial and industrial astuteness such as befits an adult. That D'Alton McCarthy will have a share in shaping our future and have a place in all honorable and workable alliances which are to be made, seems certain. He who can forsake temporal profit in the pursuit of that which is right and consequently must be permanent, deserves to succeed, and the element which looks to him as its exponent being the one which is strongest and is, it seems to me, best, we need not fear that it shall have its proper recognition and influence in directing the counsels of Canada.

Last Sunday evening I had the pleasure of being one of the audience at the Auditorium presided over by the Rev. J. M. Wilkinson. It is not my favorite place of religious resort, but advertisements in the evening papers announced that the subject in the evening would be, "SATURDAY NIGHT and the Sunday Question." The repute of this place of theological amusement and the notoriety that the reverend adventurer Small has acquired as a pulpit performer, together with a certain personal interest in the subject announced, caused me to foregather with the others who sought to be entertained. Those who have followed the newspaper reports of the sayings and doings of this itinerant showman Small, must be aware that personal attack and vituperative injustice are his chief stock in trade, and therefore can appreciate my desire to hear how unworthy a person I was likely to be shown to be. I admit that I yielded to a personal curiosity rather than a religious impulse when I directed my steps to the place where one is expected to drop a fragment of silver into a box watched over by an eager-eyed individual, who endeavors to make it unpleasant for the one who deposits anything less than a quarter. I noticed, however, that the recorded opinion of those who had entered suggested five cents as quite sufficient payment for the speeches, songs and after-pieces.

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As in other such places of entertainment of the cheap and irregular sort, the audience had to listen to a fluent description of future attractions in the shape of lady artists of the theological variety, and unusual features by unusual people. We were told how to get in and get out, how cool and healthy the building was as a place to spend the evening. The manager explained that his attractions were possibly not always quite up to the mark; that an orchestra, even when composed of or assisted by a fiddle, could not be despised; that he personally was willing to stand on his head or do anything else within his power to attract the unchurched masses. After this odd prelude we sang Rock of Ages, that sweet and soothing old hymn; then a more modern air which a very gentle-voiced little lady led, heard a prayer delivered in which the most minute instructions were given to the Almighty how to act for the coming week, and then we sang Jesus Lover of my Soul—inimitable in its pathetic appeal and soaring faith; heard some more business announcements as to who was to occupy the chief place on coming dates, and finally the opening medley closed with the price of tickets for the grand stand during the coming season. I confess to a feeling of something akin to horror at this association of business enterprise and spiritual guidance. However, it is all a matter of habit and indirectly a feature of the Sunday night entertainments afforded by such shrewd managers as Bro. Wilkinson whose attractions, consisting of hypnotic lecturers, Scottish singers, Stanley, Small and other stars, have rivalled during the past season those of O. B. Sheppard and the proprietors of the Cyclorama and the Musee. Unless the receipts of the various houses are published as the street car returns have been, we cannot give more than a general guess as to comparative success.

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After the preliminaries, occupying three quarters of an hour, the Rev. Sam Small, D.D., a gentleman whose titles both 'fore and aft are more or less disputed, was introduced. As a successful caterer for Sunday amusement Mr. Small occupies a deservedly high place. Incidentally, and with an unction which few can comprehend who have not a thorough acquaintance with the art, Mr. Small is a revivalist, and since Sam Jones went into politics is probably at the head of his profession as a Sunday concert hall star. It might be unkind to suggest that financially he is supposed to be making as fine a salary as there is to be found in his profession, nor should we grudge him a fee for what is generally supposed to be a good work, no greater than that earned by others whose variety business is not superior and is more or less connected with the sale of beer. Under such circumstances it is proper to accord the palm to the man who follows the higher walk of his profession and is consequently able to incidentally do some good.

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In his introduction Mr. Small admitted that the Sunday question is becoming an imminent problem in the United States. He did not tell us why, except that it is a moral question and must be decided as such. Moral questions, he urged, admit of no compromise. Whisky being wrong, it must be banished; the observance of the Sabbath being right, it must be made complete. His text he took from the second chapter of Mark, 27th and 28th verses: "And He said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of Man is Lord also, of the Sabbath." "Man was created before the Sabbath, consequently he was not created for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was created for him." This was the first exclamatory effort of Mr. Small. He followed this by stating that our Sabbath was not the Jewish Sabbath. Logically I am unaware of the existence of any but the Jewish Sabbath which is Saturday, not Sunday. The Lord's day, which is Sunday, was initiated by our Saviour, and its observance, as far as I am informed, was not imperative except that His people were told "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together on the first day of the week," and in another instance "that when they were assembled together to break bread (the commemoration of the Lord's Supper)

Paul preached unto them." There is neither a direct nor indirect transference of the Jewish Sabbath to the Lord's day, therefore when Samuel Small announces that Christ having declared himself Lord of the Sabbath, *i.e.* ruler of the Sabbath, he transported the Mosaic institution from the seventh day of the week unto the first, he is taking a liberty unsanctified by divine decree. Now turn to Exodus, chapter 35, verses 2 and 3:

> Six days shall work be done, but on the seventh day there shall be unto you an holy Sabbath, a Sabbath day of rest to the Lord. Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death. You shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day.

Now, Sam Small says there can be no compromise. We must have the Sabbath day as it is defined by Scripture or none at all. Can we fulfill that law? Is it fulfilled in any portion of this or the European continent? Is it possible to fulfill it? We want no evasion, but a straight meeting of the truth. The Sabbath day is the seventh day of the week, Saturday. The rule for that day is an impossibility. There is no Scriptural connection between the Lord's day, when His resurrection is to be commemorated, and the old-fashioned Sabbath.

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He says that we must not compromise the commandments laid down in Scripture, therefore he demands from us the impossibilities of the Mosaic law, of that law which commands the death of everyone who does any work or lights a fire on the Sabbath day—the fulfillment of which would cause the destruction in North America of fifty per cent. of the population on the first winter day. He evades the responsibility of all these things by indulging in his stock talk about breweries. As a platform attraction he may be a first-class accuser; as a theologian he is not recognized by the preachers of Toronto nor the clergymen of the United States; yet when he endeavors to harmonize differences so vast that no logic can surmount the obstacles, he smilingly imports his brewery and harps upon those things which do most easily move a mixed audience.

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In beginning his attack upon some of my work on the front page of SATURDAY NIGHT, he had the kindness to announce that Toronto had many excellent newspapers and that amongst the brightest and best edited of them was SATURDAY NIGHT. He did not fail to commend the general features of the paper nor to state in quite flattering terms that the writer of the front page was clever and brilliant and all that sort of thing, as a rule, though he certainly had written many things that were not brilliant, and then Mr. Small proceeded to point out these weaknesses. Not to be outdone in courtesy, I desire to state that Mr. Samuel Small, reverend or otherwise, D. D. or otherwise, is a clever and forcible speaker and gives one of the finest entertainments, composed of a medley of so-called religion and genuine abuse, that I ever attended. He says many clever things and is guilty of many other things which are neither clever nor gentlemanly, not to speak of them in the same breath with religion or Christianity. As a stump orator he is not so original as Mark Whitcombe, and is probably even less truthful than Eli Perkins. Yet in his special field he is quite funny, though his minimizing, while quite convulsing the audience, seems out of place, as it is hard to establish a connection between his antics and the gospel of Christ. By a system of twisting and contorting the text Mr. Small was able to be very facetious, but if anyone had thought to bring his SATURDAY NIGHT he would have been convinced of the dishonesty and injustice of his appeal.

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In one of his strong periods he pictured a Sabbath in Canada when everybody is let do as he or she pleases. Now I must beg to ask my readers to observe that I have never suggested such a Sabbath. I might just as well urge the propriety of Monday being a day on which every one may do as he likes; or Tuesday being a day of license; or Wednesday a day of crime; or Thursday a holiday of incendiaries; or Friday a carnival of vice; or Saturday a saturnalia of sin. Is there anyone, excepting a few loud-voiced anarchists, who believes that any day should be without restrictions? Certainly no one urges such a condition. Whether the day be secular as Christians believe, or sacred as Hebrews hold, in Canada saloons are closed at seven o'clock on Saturday night, not that Saturday is legally set apart but that the concensus of opinion has arrived at the very proper belief that intoxicants should be unattainable an hour after the workaday world has closed its account for the week. The same public opinion has decided that on Sunday there shall be no intoxicants sold. I am thoroughly content, and yet a man who stands on a pseudo religious platform tells a Toronto audience that every citizen of Toronto who believes that certain necessary relaxations must be allowed, is an advocate of changing the day of rest into a day of beer and brawling and bestiality. This is what Sam Small tries to impress upon his audience as the opinion of people who urge that a street car should be let run at convenient hours.

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Then, again, in picturing the horrors brought about by a loosening of Sabbath regulations, this man said that in Paris the noses of workmen were ground against the stones of the buildings they were forced to erect; that it was a day of toil, of debauchery, of drunkenness, of unconcealed vice; that horse races and betting and villainy of every variety were rampant on that day. Now, when Mr. Sam Small endeavors to appeal to the workingmen or those who have sympathy with the workingmen of Toronto, in any such way he is acting probably in the best interests of his business, but he is sinning against every code of honor and every law of truth. He did not speak from information received, but pretended to have observed it with his own eyes, therefore the charity of being mistaken must be denied to him. France in general, Paris in particular, has many sins to account for. She is Godless because priests try to make her too Godly in the sense of religious formalism, but when he says Paris, either on the Bois de Boulogne or at the races at Longchamps is an exhibition of drunkenness or disorder, he is such an absolute falsifier of facts that the most bigoted of Sabbatarian observers can be found to contradict him.

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Three years ago I was at the Derby, and I do not transgress the limits of criticism displayed by the English papers when I remark that almost everybody regaled him or herself to a certain extent with liquid stimulants. As a visitor who went there to scrutinize and not to have a picnic, I presume even Brother Small will permit me to assert that I remained reasonably sober, yet I never saw so much drunkenness, such universal tipsyness and good humor in my life. Within ten days I was in Paris, and on Sunday at the Grand Prix. The Parisian papers estimated the attendance at from seven hundred and fifty thousand to a million people, some three hundred thousand less than the estimated attendance at the Derby. I walked back to my hotel from Longchamps, some six miles, in the company of a number of Canadian friends. Liquor, except in the shape of light wines, had not been for sale on the grounds. We saw but one drunken man during the whole of the day, and that fellow was an English trainer. A more orderly crowd, a more thoroughly delighted, peaceable and pleasing congregation of men and women I have never been able to find, and I say this without prejudice, for I am not fond of French aggression in Canada. Mr. Small spoke of the wretchedness and squalor of the Parisian workmen. In company with a number of friends I visited the workingmen's quarters of Paris and their homes are cleaner, more comfortable, and show greater signs of culture and refinement than the homes of workingmen that I have been able to find anywhere except in favored portions of America like Toronto. They are vastly different from the tenement houses of London or those villainous dives about the Five Points in New York. France has much to answer for. Her workingmen, while skilled in the finest manufactures and most delicate arts, are prone to infidelity and revolution; yet they are still better housed, better fed, less brutally worked than any of their class I have been able to discover, except in America. Yet this condition was described in the Auditorium on Sunday night by the Rev. Samuel Small, D. D., as being a condition of squalor, brutal debasement, villainously long hours unrelieved by either a Sunday or a moment of relaxation! When such methods have to be adopted by a so called religious evangelist we certainly have reason to doubt both his sincerity and his wisdom.

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However, I am giving Mr. Small more space than he deserves. It is not convenient for me to find room to answer the many things a man may say in the course of an hour's discourse, nor is it possible to take seriously the odd and irresponsible utterances of an itinerant sensationalist. If, like himself, I were seeking for advertisement I would have reason to thank him for the publicity he gave me. Perhaps I should return thanks for being treated with more consideration than Mr. Small ordinarily uses in handling those who do not worship at his shrine, but I must protest against being held up as one who endeavors to belittle or defame those clergymen who "christen our babies, marry our children, visit us when we are sick, comfort us as we die and bury us when we are dead." In everything I said with regard to the deficiencies of those who occupy the pulpit, I have felt that in a city where there are so many geniuses one novelist could at least, can afford to be critical and to remind the parsons of shortcomings which might otherwise pass without remark. The preachers tell us without compunction wherein we fall short. With strange unanimity the daily newspapers seem to fear the influence of the clergymen, and except when politics are brought into sermons, withhold comment obviously needed. In view of these facts I have taken the liberty of sometimes saying what needed to be said. The preachers get at us every Sunday and we have no opportunity of speaking out in meeting. Is retort to be held as a sin against the saints, or criticism to become criminal when directed against clerics?

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I do not write for the transient purchaser who occasionally buys a stray paper, but have endeavored week in and week out while speaking reverently of the Christian religion and the many good men who are its exponents, to intrude upon the too close a corporation formed by a ministerial association, some remarks which may outline to those who are criticized the views of the laity. Occasionally a fragment of what I write can be found which seems to be harsh, but taken in connection with these weekly letters are perfectly justifiable. No one who pretends to even a semblance of that which is good can deny that Christ was the dawn of a new era, the sunlight of hope, the glory which has overspread that portion of the earth which is most blessed. He introduced the idea of individualism in religion, of love as the better law, of charity as that which covereth a multitude of sins. If Mr. Small is quite sure that he is a worthy exponent of this gentle doctrine and a good example of the Master he tries to serve, his vagaries should be excused. As I am very sure that I can claim no such indulgence I should perhaps make no protest, yet as one man is very apt to consider his brother man not much better than himself even if the other man be called "Reverend," it is hard to refrain from making a retort. DON.

Social and Personal.

People are always enquiring for new methods to amuse their guests in parties where dancing is either "Taboo," or for some reason or other not the foundation of the evening's amusement. Among the cutest and most successful devices I have come across lately is the cobweb party, which may perhaps be as much fun in Toronto as it is in New York. Let me tell my anxious little hostess how to have a cobweb party. First you must have a present for every guest, costly or cheap as you like, but as you know before hand who will get each, it may be appropriate. Then you must have yards on yards of narrow ribbon, colored tape, wool or cord as you decide. Then you must tie one end of each color to a given center, the door knob, the stair baluster or wherever is most central, and to the other end of each color you attach the present proper to it. Then you wave the threads together, carrying one in and out the balusters and another up to the attic, (taking good care to tangle it aggravatingly with some other threads on the way) and another round the dinner table legs and another down cellar, and twist them whenever you can with a crossing strand of some other thread. Some of the threads are short, some long and the prizes are smuggled away in nooks and corners, under chairs, behind pictures, up on a shelf, between the leaves of a book, anywhere your ingenuity suggests. I quote from a New York letter a few lines on the cobweb party.

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The guests are each given a strand and told to find the other end of it which holds the prize. Each goes to work and follows the wanderings of his strand in the seemingly inextricable mass of bewildering twists and turns and colors. It's great fun to watch the busy prize-seekers. At first it seems deliciously silly; but the philosopher forgets the fun of it as he marks how each one works according to his temperament. With what zest, energy and enthusiastic haste one grabs his string and follows its lead with eager expectancy. With what slow, deliberate inquiry another pursues the windings of his strand! With what doubting timidity and misgiving another hunts for his prize asking numberless questions and having to be helped by his comrades in the knotty places. At first it seems as if one were trying to catch a will-o'-the-wisp or find the bag of gold at the root of a rainbow. In fact, the effect of the gay yarns, worsted or ribbons (whichever one chooses to use), crossed and recrossed and interlaced and intertwined, is not unlike a very beautiful rainbow, which has at the end of each bright strand a real prize; not the traditional bag of gold to be sure, but anything from a silken shoestring to a diamond pin, or a book, or a picture, or anything and everything that a ready, inventive faculty, artistic taste or fun-loving fancy may select or devise. The most indifferent are piqued to action by having the thing they wish just within possible reach. At the end each one has his prize as a satisfying result of his labors, no matter if he found it behind a clock after many times wandering about the room he first entered; or whether, after skirmishing downstairs into the cellar, up again, down and up the hall and upstairs to the garret and down again to the drawing-room to find the end of his apparently endless strand that led him into diverse places in diverse ways, fastened to a gem of a picture, which he is privileged to take away with him to his own domicile and tell ever after what a time he had finding it at a cobweb party.

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On Tuesday evening the Ladies' Bicycle Club took a run along Bloor and up and down Jarvis to Sutherland street. No serious mishap marred this initial outing of the club, though sundry squeaks and sudden stoppages and five minute rests made the time consumed quite past recording. The dress of the riders is dark blue with silver cord and is very becoming to those who have donned it. Two or three gentlemen of well known bicycle repute accompanied the fair riders, and repaired damages and encouraged and gave confidence to the more timid. Considering the short time some of the riders have been practising, they came down the incline on Jarvis street with great nerve and steadiness, and occasional remarks to that effect were overheard from strollers on the walk as the wheels flashed past under the electric light. The club is not yet formally organized, but before long will doubtless have a local habitation and a name, and according to present appearance a large and enthusiastic membership.

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Scene, Sherbourne street bridge, 9.45 p.m.—Feminine cyclist (modestly)—Well, I think we did pretty well. That was an awfully hard hill coming back! Male cyclist (consumed with laughter)—Oh, yes, you beat the record—an hour and twenty minutes there and back. Oh, dear! And a silence ensued which was more eloquent than speech.

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A pretty wedding, which took place in St. Mary's church on Tuesday morning, was that of Miss Thompson and Dr. T. F. MacMahon. Miss Forde of Brighton attended the bride and Mr. Louis P. Walsh was groomsman. The bride was very handsomely robed in white silk trimmed with orange blossoms and lilies, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid wore Nile green silk, with hat to match. After breakfast at the residence of the bride's father, Dr. and Mrs. MacMahon left to make their wedding tour in the States, and will, upon their return to Toronto, reside on Bathurst street.

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Mrs. Ferguson and family, of Close avenue, have removed to 584 Spadina avenue.

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Mr. Percy Scholfield, manager of the Standard Bank at Brussels, was in town last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a dinner party in race week. Their guests were Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Col. Baker, Col. Prior, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Capt. and Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Miss Arthurs, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. G. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard.

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Mr. and Mrs. Barnard of British Columbia are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra.

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A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, booked the following Torontonians to sail last week for Europe: Mrs. John Catto, Mr. Charles Catto, Mr. Philip Jacobi, Mr. Fred Jacobi, Mr. W. C. Jephcott, Mr. James A. Lugsdin, Mr. James Williamson, Mr. E. N. Williams, Mr. F. O. Cayley, Mr. Andrew Jeffrey, Mr. Edward Jeffrey, Dr. J. H. Carrique, Miss Carrique, Miss Harris, Mr. W. St. Croix, Mrs. St. Croix, Mr. A. W. McVittie, Capt. Merritt, Mr. M. Merritt.

*

On Thursday evening at eight o'clock, the wedding of Mr. Arthur Edward Huestis and Miss Amy Douglas Brown took place at the residence of the bride's father, 446 Jarvis street. The bride wore a marriage gown of white bengaline richly flounced with delicate lace, the orthodox tulle veil, and her wreath and bouquet were of bridal roses. Her maids were her sisters, the Misses Minnie and Grace Brown, who wore dresses of maize and cream *crepe de chine* and carried bouquets of roses to correspond. The bride's going away dress was pale gray, with passementerie trimming and a garniture of poppies on her chapeau. The groom was supported by Messrs. W. Rundle and A. M. Huestis. Mr. and Mrs. Huestis have gone by way of Boston to Halifax, where they will make their home.

*

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson and family, of Glen Road, leave on Thursday for their summer residence, New Beach, to remain until September.

*

Mrs. Fred Gibbs of Bernard Avenue has gone to New York to meet her husband on his return from Florida.

*

Mr. Homer Pingle, Superintendent of the Ontario Division C. P. R. Telegraph Co., sent special bulletins to the churches in Toronto on Sunday morning of the condition of the suffering Premier. Mr. Pingle's thoughtful act met with universal appreciation from the thousands who were joining in prayer for Sir John Macdonald at the morning and evening services.

*

An At Home was held in the Haven, Seaton street, on June 5th from 5 to 9 o'clock p. m. The ladies who have so faithfully conducted in the Haven what is known to be the most trying of all charitable works, are to be congratulated on the successful afternoon.

*

Messrs. Melville and Richardson, steamship agents, report the following cabin passengers booked for Europe last week: Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. H. Prentice, Mr. S. Woods, Miss Mana Turner, Miss E. Corbett, Mr. J. M. McRobie, Mr. H. Thompson, Mr. H. Goodman, Mr. D. Mallen, Mr. R. Mallen, Mr. F. Horne, Miss Hamilton, Mr. T. McGlannan, Mr. H. E. Clowsen, Mr. R. W. Cartier, Mrs. J. Stephens and child Master W. Stephens, Mrs. D. A. Clare, Mrs. M. Cox, Miss A. Cox, Miss Grace Cox, Mrs. Feed, Miss E. Feed, Mr. Joseph Sutherland, Mr. H. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse and servant, Mrs. E. Bucksey.

*

Mr. Albert Nordhelmer's family have moved to the Island, West Point, and are staying at Hanlan's. Mr. and Mrs. H. Cowie and Master Arthur Cowie of Toronto are also registered at Monreith.

*

Mrs. Bendelari and family remove to their summer home on the Island next week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey and family are to summer on the Island.

*

The ladies appointed to represent the different churches on the Entertainment Committee for the Teachers' Convention are: St. Phillips church, Miss M. E. Sefton; Bond street Congregational, Mrs. George Virtue, Miss Perle; Bloor street Baptist, Mrs. Pardoe, Miss Adelle McKay; St. Michael's, Mrs. Ben Hughes, Miss Foy, Miss Horkin; Church of Redeemer, Mrs. Farrar; St. Andrew's, Mrs. Dickson; Jarvis street Baptist, Mrs. B. D. Thomas, Mrs. J. Lillie; Avenue road Methodist, Mrs. Fawcett; Metropolitan church, Mrs. Robert Wilkes, Miss Carrick; Erskine church, Mrs. Stark; Cooke's church, Miss Jennie McNab; Immanuel church, Miss Davies; Reformed Presbyterian church, Mrs. John Kidd, Mrs. Stuart Acheson; Sherbourne street Methodist, Mrs. Barnett; St. Stephen's church, Mrs. W. Cummings; Chalmer's church, Mrs. E. Pearson; Zion church, Mrs. Clapp, Mrs. George Pim, Mrs. Ballard; St. Enoch, Mrs. E. Gibson; Dundas street Methodist church, Mrs. Watson; Queen street Methodist, Mrs. R. W. Dillon; Walmer road Baptist, Miss M. S. Macdonald; Broadway Methodist, Mrs. J. W. Winter; Hope Congregational, Mrs. Dixon; St. Matthias, Mrs. W. Maltby; St. Simon's, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Denison; St. Alban's Methodist church, Mrs. Kinsinger, Mrs. Addison.

*

A very pretty wedding took place at Carlton street church on Wednesday morning, June 3, when Edwin J. Boyes, M.D. was married to Miss Mabel Walker, only daughter of the late R. Irving Walker. The church was beautifully decorated, the altar being banked with flowers and palms. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father the wedding was very quiet, only the relations and a very few friends being present. The bride, who was charmingly attired in a gown of white satin, was accompanied to the altar by her cousin, Miss Fitch, who wore a costume of corn-flower blue. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's mother on College avenue where a reception was held. After the wedding breakfast the party partaken of the bride and groom left by the eleven o'clock express for the Pacific Coast. Among the guests were noticed Mrs. R. Irving Walker, the mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Tacksberry, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson, Miss Bridgeland, the Misses Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Dosburgh. Among the guests from a distance: John Hargraft, M. P., and Mrs. Hargraft of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Watkins of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Macklem Nelles of Brantford.

*

There was a fashionable attendance in the Botanical Gardens on Friday, May 29, to witness the Toronto Church School games. The stand looked gay and flowery with the light gowns and dainty hats and smiling faces of the interested spectators. Among those present I noticed the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. A. Sweatman, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hammond, Canon and Miss Osler, Col. Otter, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. and the Misses Hoskin, the Misses Meredith, Boulton, Vickers, Kemp, Chadwick, Crawford, Mulock and Livingston.

*

Miss Richardson has returned from Niagara.

*

On account of Sir John Macdonald's illness Mrs. A. Nordhelmer's dance has been postponed. For the same reason the opening reception of the Lawn Tennis Club last Monday was also put off.

*

Mrs. Stephen Heward of Peter street has issued cards for an At Home on Wednesday afternoon, June 10, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

*

Miss Murphy of Montreal is staying with Mrs. Beatty on College street.

*

Miss Caron of Ottawa has been spending a few days in Toronto.

*

Mrs. Arthur Meredith of Rosedale is visiting friends at Dundas.

*

Miss Macdonald is the guest of Mrs. W. Baines on Beverley street.

*

The marriage of Mr. Cronyn of this city and Miss McGlauchlin of Bowmanville is announced to take place on June 16.

*

The marriage of Mr. F. Fellowes of Toronto and Miss Mary Gilmor of Ottawa is announced to take place in that city on June 17.

*

A marriage between Mr. F. Gillespie and Miss Maud Gilmore, both of this city, is announced to take place towards the end of next week.

*

Mrs. Goldwin Smith's first Thursday afternoon at Home was well attended, although the rain of the last few days prevented tennis being indulged in to any extent. Fuller particulars regarding those present will be given next week.

*

Mrs. E. Y. Eaton of 72 Madison avenue will receive Monday and Tuesday afternoons next week.

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Critics and customers alike are delighted with them.

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Between You and Me.

IN leaving off my talk to you last week I went in a great hurry to find out some particulars of the little waif who sold me a lead pencil. Well, I found out, but some one had been before me! That same rainy night Inspector Archibald had also spotted the small woman, and during my absence from the city her case had been investigated, her statement verified and such convincing arguments used to her father, mother and *two grown brothers*, that I don't fancy we shall see her again on the street corners at nearly midnight for some years to come. But it is only a question of time, fellow citizens, and when she again begins to haunt the street corners and grows too wary to converse with any inquisitive lady who may notice her blue eyes and delicate features, then, some of us will doubtless wish that the Girls' Industrial School or some other sensible institution of the kind had been a little quicker in materializing.

•

What queer things are our likes and dislikes! Did you ever meet anyone that you *couldn't* like no matter how good or amiable a mind you might be in, of whom the thought was a weariness or an irritant or a fear, and whom you really believed, should you ever beat down your prejudice or your repulsion, would lower your taste and standard by some intangible downward influence if you were closely associated with them. I believe in these instincts, though on their rare occurrence I always fight them, because I had rather be to myself untrue in this matter than wrong even the object of my repugnance, and because I know that in nine cases out of ten it only needs a little better insight to discover that, like a shying horse, we are shrinking away from our imagination and no real thing. But once in the world's history we read of an animal less intelligent than a horse who shied determinately and saved her life by doing so, and when I feel myself, in spite of Balaam-like determination and strong strokes of the whip of expectancy and sly pokes of the spur of necessity still shrinking and shying away from the man or woman I mistrust, I set myself happily on a level with Balaam's Ass and give it up!

•

And our likings, what funny roots they spring from! I often think of a game we juveniles used to play about: "I love my love with a rose, because he is ruddy," and groan yet over the audacious boy who dared to announce, to my wrath and mortification, that he loved me with a gig because I giggled, that last feminine accomplishment being my greatest horror. But really we liked each other for just as absurd reasons. I like some of my girl friends just because they are so pretty, and others because they speak sweetly and affectionately, and more because they are wilful and reckless and purblind in their inexperience and daring, and I like one woman to be near me for her bonnets are always so becoming, and I know a pretty creature I am always glad to see because her future gives me endless day-dreams, it has such lovely promises; and I love a tustle of words with a certain demure maiden who is in one of my heart's best corners, for the obstinate and decided way she opposes me, and another makes the corners of my mouth curl up with expectant laughter the moment her shadow crosses my path; and there are men we like because they are ugly, and handsome, and weakly, and athletic, and saucy, and dignified, and plodding, and clever, and gentle, and boisterous, and *clean*—all and each win us with these opposite traits, and we welcome them and like them in this unreasonable way, and have no ideal because he would have to be all these things. If one were missing he wouldn't pass as the complete creature, and no one was ever all those things, was he?

•

My mention of the need for a Girls' Industrial School recalls to me the pleasant meeting we had at the Boys' Industrial School last Saturday. It is always a delightful jaunt to me—the delicious country air, the blue lake, the prosperous institution and last, but not least, the ruddy little chaps who are laying the foundation of a life of usefulness and happiness in the Industrial School. I think I should like to tell you the story of what these schools have done for one boy, and I hope you will be interested and believe that I am only telling a very little of what I could did space permit.

LAURIE.

One winter morning, four years ago, the western train, as it rushed past the foot of Bathurst street, ran over a small boy who was selling papers. When the sympathizing bystanders lifted the bruised little creature from the track and sent him rumbling off to the hospital in the ambulance, it was found that his right arm was so shattered as to necessitate its being amputated at the shoulder. The surgeon who performed the operation and the nurse who tended the little sufferer, and the visitors of the ward in which he was placed soon took an interest in the small boy, whose state of mind and body was of deplorable neglect. He did not even know his letters, but as soon as he was able to sit up he tackled them and learned them in five days. The Industrial School was opened while the little boy was learning his alphabet, and when he grew convalescent and his new friends began to wonder what should be done with him, the idea of trying to get him admitted to Mimico occurred to one of them. I well remember the hot August day, and the pale little one-armed boy, and the kind but hesitating judge, and the final happy exit of the small boy and his friend with an order of admission to the new school, and a little later, in Exhibition time, the journey out to Mimico and the dubiously cheerful parting when the boy was left under the charge of that master of boy management, Mr. Hendry. With all the quickness of his Irish mother wit, Laurie began to learn everything that came in his way—reading, writing, and after two years at school, telegraphing, for which the opportunity was given through the kindness of the general manager of one of the telegraphic companies. He writes as unusually good hand even for a right-handed boy, and has developed so sweet a nature, so noble a principle and so tenacious a purpose that one can scarcely credit only four years with the change. Perhaps no one knows better than Lady Gay the depth of loving gratitude which trembles in his voice as he speaks of those who were kind to him in the first dark days after his accident. From one little position of trust to another he has risen in the Industrial school until, at the age of seventeen, he is one of the overseers of a cottage of over two score boys, who seem to look up to him and obey him in thorough discipline. Laurie is a true Milesian, warm-hearted and sensitive, conscientious and persevering, with a peculiar strain of self-depreciation and pessimism so strangely showing itself at times and under certain circumstances in the Irish character. On one Saturday some weeks ago, a sudden fancy seized me to take a run to Mimico and see how Laurie was conducting the affairs of his "cottage." With delightful importance and sudden comical back-slides into boyish confidences, he ushered me through the fast-increasing little settlement and especially over the immaculately neat "East Cottage" where he rules gently over those boys, whose department and drill are the best in the school. "They can't play any games on me, because I'm up to it all, I've been there!" he remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, and though he is strictness itself as to neatness and order and merciless to laziness, I am assured by another official that his boys obey with hearts full of good will every order of their new officer. I have felt so proud at hearing on all sides of the success of our Mimico home that I could not refrain from reciting, with his smiling permission, this little history of one Mimico boy, and I trust that many a kindly word and many a friendly shake of his willing left hand will greet and encourage him in the years to come, for friends and kindness are necessary to his affectionate nature. And Mimico school has helped many a one besides Laurie. Had you seen some of those riotous, laughing, rosy, bright-eyed boys of last Saturday as I have seen them, on their admission to the school, you would say as heartily as I do that the most satisfactory, the most needed and the most delightful of all our many institutions is the Mimico Industrial School.

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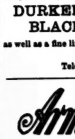

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Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
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Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST." 320 prizes, ranging from $1 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 22, 1891 (15 days allowed after May 20 for letters to reach us from distant points). Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM THE WARM WILD KISS TO THE COLD.

Gerard traveled as fast as trains and boat would take him, but it was noon on the second day after he had left Florence before he arrived at the nearest station to Lowcombe, with the prospect of half an hour's drive behind an indifferent horse before he could reach the Rosary and know the worst. He was alone. He had sent his valet to Hillersdon House, and had resolutely refused Jermyn's company, although Jermyn had urged that he was hardly in a state of health to risk a solitary journey, or the consequences of further ill news.

"If there is anything worse to be told, you could not help me to bear the blow," Gerard answered, gloomily. "Nor would she care to see you with me. You were no favorite of hers, and perhaps if it had not been for you I should never have left her."

They had searched all the morning papers they could obtain during the journey from Dover to Charing Cross, to discover any paragraph that might record the calamity at Lowcombe—for any report of the inquest on the infant, or the rescue of the mother. It was at least some relief to find no such record. Whatever had happened, the report had, by happy chance or kindly influence, been kept out of the papers. Hester's name and Hester's woe were not bandied about in a social leader, or even made the subject of a paragraph.

Gerard reached Lowcombe, therefore, in absolute ignorance of anything that might have happened since Mr. Muller's letter was written. He drove straight to the Rosary, where garden and shrubberies looked dull and dreary under a gray, sunless sky. It seemed as if he had left summer on the other side of the Alps—as if he had come into a land where there was no summer, only a neutral dulness, which meant gloom and smoke in London, and a gray monotone in the country.

His heart grew cold at sight of the windows. The blinds were all down. The house was either uninhabited, or inhabited by death.

He rang violently and rang again, but had to wait nearly five minutes, an interval of inexpressible agony, before a housemaid opened the door, her countenance only composing itself after the broad grin that had greeted the baker's last sally. The baker's cart rattled away from the back door while the housemaid stood at the front door answering her master's eager questions.

"Where is your mistress? She—she is not—"

He could not utter the word that would have given shape to his fear. Happily the girl was sympathetic, although frivolous-minded as to bakers and butcher-boys. She did not keep him in agony.

"She is not any worse, sir. She's very bad, but not worse."

"Can I see her at once—would it do her any harm to see me?" he asked, going towards the staircase.

"She's not here, sir. She's at the rectory. Mr. Gilstone had her taken there after she was saved from drowning by those two London gentlemen. She was took to the Rose and Crown, as that was the nearest house to the river; the two gentlemen carried her there, quite unconscious, and they had hard work to bring her round. And they sent here for the two nurses, and they kept her there, at the Rose, till next morning; and then the rector he had her taken home to his own house, and his sister is helping to nurse her."

"They are good souls," cried Gerard, "true Christians. What shall we do in our troubles when there are no more Christians in the world?" he thought, deeply touched by kindness from the man whose sympathy he had repulsed.

"Is your mistress dangerously ill?" he asked.

"She has been in great danger, sir; and I don't think she's out of danger yet. I was at the rectory last night to inquire and one of the nurses told me it was a very critical case. But she's well nursed and well cared for, sir. You can make yourself happy about that."

"Happy! I can never know happiness again!"

"Oh, yes, but you will, sir, when Mrs. Hanley gets well. I make no doubt they'll pull her through."

"And her baby—"

"Oh, the poor little thing! He was such a weakly little mite—I'm sure he's better off in Heaven, if his poor mother could only think so, when she comes round and has to be told about it."

"There was an inquest, wasn't there?"

"Well, yes, sir, there was an inquest at the Rose and Crown, but it wasn't much of an inquest," Mary Jane added, in a comforting tone. The baker told me the coroner and the other gentlemen weren't in the room above two minutes. 'Death by misadventure,' that was the verdict. Everybody was so sorry for the poor young lady. And it was a mistaken sure, for if the night-gardener hadn't left the door unfastened, and fallen asleep in her easy chair, nothing need have gone wrong. It was all along of her carelessness. My poor young mistress got up and put on her morning gown and slippers, and took the poor little baby out of his bassinette, and went downstairs and out of the drawing-room window, and she must have gone across the lawn down to the towing path, and wandered and wandered for nearly two miles before she threw herself in just by the little creek where she and you used to be so fond of sitting in the punt, where we used to send your lunch out to you."

"Yes, yes, I know. It was there, was it?"

The thought of the happy hours they had spent there, hours of blissful tranquillity, steeped in the summer warmth, the golden light, sweet odors of field flowers, soothing ripple of water and rustle of willow branches. What happy hours of delight in all that is most exquisite in literature, Milton, Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti, in that music of words which is second only to the music of sweet concords and divine harmonies. Oh, happy hours, happy days, bliss which he had dreamed might last out all his life, and lengthen back left the regret of sweetness. And now he had to think of his dear love, the fair Egeria of those happy hours, wandering hapless and distraught along that river bank, choosing in some dim fancy of the dreaming mind that spot above all the other spots in which to seek death and oblivion.

"Tell me how it all happened," he said to the girl. "Mr. Davenport's death—was it very sudden?"

"Dreadfully sudden, sir. It was the shock of her father's death which made my mistress so bad. She was very down-hearted after you went abroad. We could all see that, though none of us ever see her cry. She was too much the lady to give way before servants; but we could tell by her face in the morning that she'd been lying awake half the night, and that she'd been crying a good deal. And then she'd pull herself together, as you may say, and be bright and cheerful with the old gentleman, and sit with him, and talk to him, and walk beside his chair, and give all her thoughts and all her time to making him as happy as he could be made. And it wasn't easy work, for after you was gone he took a sort of restless fit, and he was always asking about you the nurse said, in his queer way, and he seemed uneasy at not seeing you. And he used to talk to poor Mrs. Hanley in a disagreeable way, and he was quite nasty to her, his man told me, and was always blaming her, as if she hadn't done her very best for him. He was very cruel to her, I think; but I suppose it must have been because he was worse in himself. And one day he was particularly unkind, and she left him in tears, and went out into the garden and sat there alone by the river, and didn't go to her father's room to sit with him while he took his lunch, as she almost always did, and his man found her sitting in the garden very low-spirited, when he went to tell her that he and the nurse were going to dinner. Missus always used to sit with the old gentleman while those two had their dinner. And she went up to his room and found him lying quietly on the sofa, and she sat there over an hour, for those two used to take their time over their dinner, no doubt thinking he was asleep all the time, and doing just as the nurse was going upstairs, we all heard a dreadful shriek and a fall, and we found her lying insensible on the floor near the sofa, where her father lay dead. She had gone to him, and spoken to him, and touched him, and found him dead."

There was a pause, a silence broken only by Gerard's hoarse sobs, as he sat at the table where he had planned his new novel, in the happy morning of his love, sat with his head bent low upon his folded arms.

"She was very bad all that day and night, and Dr. Mivor telegraphed for another doctor for he said we was in for a bad business. She was quite light-headed, poor young lady, and it was heart-breaking to hear her asking for you, and why you didn't go to her, and talking about her father, and begging him to forgive her, as if she had any need of forgiveness, when she'd devoted herself to making him comfortable and happy from the first hour he was took. And three days after his death the poor little baby was born, and she was quite out of her mind all the time and didn't seem to care about the baby, though he was a dear pretty little thing—but I don't think he'd have lived long even with the best care. A week after he was born the fever went down a bit, and she seemed to be coming more to herself. There was a great change in her, and she left off talking wildly, and she seemed to understand that her father was dead, and that you were far away; and everybody thought she was better. I suppose this made the night-nurse a little less watchful. Both nurses had been very careful of her while she was so bad with the fever, but they began to take things a little easier, and to drop asleep in the easy chair. They'd both had a hard time of it for the first week. And I think that's about all I can tell you, sir, except that Mr. Davenport was buried in Lowcombe churchyard nearly a fortnight ago."

"Thank you for telling me so much. You are a good girl."

"Shall I get you a bit of lunch, sir? You are looking so tired and ill."

"No, thank you, Mary, I shall eat nothing till I get to the rectory. Good day. Take care of the house and keep everything in good order till your mistress and I come back. By the way, who has been supplying you with money since your mistress fell ill? Have you had any difficulty in providing for expenses?"

"No, sir, the cook knew where mistress kept her money and she made bold to unlock the drawer and take out what was wanted. There was a fifty-pound note and some sovereigns in the drawer. There has been plenty to pay the nurses and gardeners and to provide any ready money that was wanted. Cook has kept a strict account of everything. The undertaker has not been paid anything nor the doctor, but they know their money's safe."

The fly was waiting, and it took Gerard to the rectory with very little loss of time, yet to his agonized mind the distance seemed long, the horse slower than such hirelings usually are. Fate had used him almost better than he had hoped. The coroner's verdict freed Hester from all shadow of blame in the child's death—his child. The child of whose existence he had taken so little thought, deeming that he had done enough when he had left ample funds at the mother's disposal. He had cared but for one thing, to make the best and the most of his own life—and the thought of the child that was to be born to him had awakened no tender feeling, only an aching envy of that young fresh life in which the possibilities of condition and characteristics would live again under happier conditions, the life which would be tasting all the sweetest things, while the world, love, love, ambition, pride, luxury, the mastery of men—while he was lying cold and dumb, cheated by base and premature death out of the fortune which a wondrous chance had flung into his lap. Fate had given with one hand and had taken away with the other. No, he had never felt as an expectant father should feel. The thought of his duty to the child had never urged him to repair the wrong he had done the mother—but now that death had snatched the pale flower of unsanctified love, remorse weighed heavy on his heart, and he hated himself for the unscrupulous egotism which had governed him in all his relations with the woman he had pretended to love. He had glossed over all that was guilty in their union; he had kissed the feet of his idol in the light of her remorse; he had compared her to Shelley's Mary, forgetting that Shelley was as generous as he was selfish, and that the conforming Christian in the land. He looked back upon the happy days of their love, and knew that when he made happiest Hester's life had been under the shadow of an ever-present regret, knew that while she was generous and devoted he had been selfish and false, soothing her conscience with Sophistical and vague promises to which she was too delicate ever to refer.

Yes, he had used her ill, the woman who loved him; had killed her it might be; or had killed her mind for ever, leaving her to go down to old age through the long Ulysses years, a mindless wreck; she who was once so beautiful and so happy, a lovely ethereal creature in whom mind and heart were paramount over clay.

The rector received him coldly, and with a countenance to which unaccustomed sternness gave an expression of severity. Where a benevolent man is angry his anger has a deeper seat and a more appalling aspect than the ready displeasure of less kindly natures. For Mr. Gilstone to be angry meant a complete upheaval of a nature that was made up of sympathy and compassion. But here for once was a man with whom he could not sympathize, for whom his only feeling was detestation.

"Is she recovering? May I see her?" asked Gerard, on the threshold of the rector's study, chilled by that repelling countenance, yet too full of the thought of Hester to delay his questioning.

"She is a shade better this morning," the rector answered coldly, "but she is far too ill for you to see her—at any rate until the doctor thinks it safe—and when you see her you will see her it is doubtful whether she will recognize you. She is in a world of her own, poor soul, a world of delirium."

"Is her mind quite gone?" faltered Gerard. "Does the doctor fear—"

"The doctor fears more for her life than for her mind. If she live the mind will recover its balance as strength returns. That is his opinion and mine. I have seen such cases before—and the result has generally been happy; but in those cases we had to deal with a ruder clay. All that is loftiest in this girl's nature will tell against her recovery. There is a heavy account against you here, Mr. Hanley."

"I know, I know," cried Gerard, with his face turned from the rector, as he stood looking out of the window, across the beds of tulips, towards the churchyard, seeing nothing which his eyes looked at, only turning his face away lest anyone should see him in his agony.

"A heavy account; you have brought dishonor upon a woman whose every instinct makes for virtue, and you have broken her heart by your desertion."

"I did not desert her—"

"Not as the world reckons desertion perhaps. You left her a house and servants and a bundle of bank notes; but you left her just when she had the most need of affection and sympathy—left her to face an ordeal which might mean death—left her under conditions which no man with a heart could have ignored."

"I was wrong—selfish—cruel. Say the worst you can of me. Lash me with bitter words. I acknowledge my iniquity. I was only just recovered from a dangerous illness—"

"Through which she nursed you. I have heard of her devotion."

"Through which she nursed me. I was not ungrateful—but I was wretched, borne down by the knowledge that I had only a short time to live. Ah, rector, you in your green old age, sturdy, vigorous, with strength to enjoy the fulness of life even now when your hair is silver, you can hardly realize what a young man feels who has most unexpectedly inherited a vast fortune, and who while the delight of possession is still fresh and wonderful, is told that his days are narrowed to a few precarious years—that if he is to last out even that short span he must watch himself with jealous care, husband his emotions lest the joys of youth should waste the oil in the lamp. This was what I was told. He happy, he calm, he tranquil, said the physician; in other words, be self-indulgent, care for nothing and no one but self. And I felt that yonder house was killing me. The shadow of that old man's decaying age darkened my fading youth. If she would have gone with me to the south there would have been no break in our union—at least I think not—though there was another claim—"

"She refused to leave her father, I understand?"

"Yes. She preferred him to me. It was her own free choice."

"Well, there are excuses for you, perhaps; and the result of your conduct has been so fatal that you need no sermon from me. If you have a heart, the rest of your life must be a need by remorse. Your child's death lies at your door."

"Does she remember that dreadful night—does she grieve for the child?" asked Gerard.

"Happily not. I have told you she is living in a world of shadows."

"Let me see her," pleaded Gerard. "You don't know how fondly she loves me—how dear we have been to each other. Her mind will awaken at the sound of my voice."

"Awaken to the consciousness of all that she has suffered. Would that be an advantage? Mr. Mivor must be the judge as to whether she ought to see you. If he says 'Yes'—"

"When will he be here?"

"Not till the evening."

"Then I'll go to his house, and bring him here if necessary. Mr. Gilstone," said Gerard, stopping on the threshold, as the rector followed him to the hall, "you are a good man. However hardly you may think of me, nothing will ever lessen my gratitude to you—and in the short time I may yet have to live I hope to prove that my gratitude means something more than a word."

The rector gave him his hand in silence, and Gerard going into the fly and was driven to Mr. Mivor's comfortable cottage, a low, white-walled building with a thatched roof, at the end of the straggling village street.

Mr. Mivor was surprised to see him, but suppressed all expression of astonishment.

"I should have telegraphed to you more than a fortnight ago if I had known where to find you," he said. "I am glad you have come back. Mrs. Hanley is a shade better to-day—only a shade. We must be thankful for the least improvement, and we must try not to lose ground again."

"She has been dangerously ill, I am told?"

"Dangerously! Yes, I should think so. She has been on the brink of death, not once, but several times since the birth of her child—and since she first took a baby into her arms she has tried to make away with herself—her condition has been all but hopeless, until yesterday, when she began to show signs of rallying."

"May I see her?"

"I don't think it could do her any harm. She won't know you."

"Yes, she will! She will know me. She may not recognize people who are almost strangers to her, but surely she will know me."

"Poor lady! She hardly knows herself. Ask her who she is, and she will tell you a strange story. All we can hope is that with returning strength mind and memory will return. I will go to the rectory with you, and if I find her as quiet as she was this morning you may see her."

They were at the rectory ten minutes later, and this time Mr. Gilstone received Gerard with kindliness. He had given speech to his indignation, and now all that was kindly in his nature pleaded with him for the repentant sinner. He received Gerard in his study, while the doctor went upstairs to see his patient.

"You have not asked me why I took upon myself to have Mrs. Hanley brought to this house, rather than to her own," he said.

"I had no need to ask. It was easy for me to understand your kindly motive. You would not have re-enter a house in which she had tasted such misery—you wished to surround her with fresh objects, in a house where nothing would remind her of her past sufferings."

"That was one motive. The other was to place her under the care of my sister. However devoted hired nurses may be, and I have nothing to say against the women who is now nursing Mrs. Hanley, it is both there and there should be some one near who is not a hireling, who works for love, and love only. My sister's heart has gone out to this poor lady."

Mr. Mivor appeared at the study door, which had stood open while Gerard waited, his ear strained to catch every sound in the quiet, orderly house, where all the machinery of life went on with a calm regularity that knew no change but the changing seasons. The silence of the house oppressed Gerard as he went upstairs, filled with an aching fear. Was he to find her cold and unconscious of his presence—his girl who had clung about him with dearing love when they parted less than a month ago?

A door was softly opened, a woman in white cap and apron looked at him gravely, and drew aside. It was the nurse who had waited upon old Nicholas Davenport for years. In this moment the association made him shudder. And then, scarce conscious of his own movements, he was standing in a sunlit room where a young woman in a white dressing-gown, pale with hollow cheeks and soft, fair hair cropped close to the well shaped head, was sitting at a table piled with the flowers that were strewn upon it.

"Hester, Hester, my darling, I have come back to you," he cried, in a heart-broken voice, and then he fell on his knees beside her chair, and tried to put his arms about her, to draw the fair face down towards his quivering lips, but she shrank away from him with a scared look.

In spite of the doctor's warning he was utterly unprepared for this. He had hugged himself with the thought that had his mind wandered ever so far away, as far as east from west, or heaven from earth, she would know him, to him she would be unchanged. The one beloved personality would stand out clear and firm amidst the chaos of a mind unhinged. Much as he had prated of molecular action, and nerve messages, and all the machinery of materialism, he had expected here to find spirit working independently of matter and love dominant over the laws of physiology.

The exquisite blue eyes—violet, dark, dilated by madness, looked at him, looked him through and through, and knew him not. She shrank from him with repulsion, gathered up the scattered flowers hastily in the folds of her loose muslin gown, and moved away from the table.

"I'm going to plant these in the front garden, nurse," she said, "I want to get them planted before father comes from the library. It'll be a surprise for him, poor dear. He was grumbling about the dust this morning, and saying how it spoils everything, and he'll be pleased to see the garden full of tulips and hyacinths. This sort will grow without roots—they grow best without roots, don't they?"

She looked down at the flowers, a little dubiously, as if not quite clear upon this point, and then with a sudden vehemence ran to the fireplace, where a small fire was burning behind a high old-fashioned brass fender, and flung the tulips and hyacinths into the fender.

"Oh, Mrs. Hanley, that's very naughty of you," cried the nurse, as if she had been reproving a child, "to throw away the lovely flowers that the rector bought yesterday for this morning. Why did you do that, now!"

"I don't want them. They won't grow. It's the day for my music lesson and I haven't practiced. How cross Herr Schuter will be!"

There was a little cottage piano in a recess by the fireplace—a little old piano on which Miss Gilstone had practiced her scales forty years before. Hester ran to the piano, seated herself hastily, and began to play one of Chopin's nocturnes—a piece so familiar in her girlhood that even in distraction some memory of the notes remained, and she played correctly and with feeling to the end of the first movement, when suddenly, at a loss for the notes, she burst into tears and left the piano.

"It is all gone," she said. "Why can't I remember?"

In all these varying moods and rapid movements about the room there had not been one look or one gesture which indicated the faintest consciousness of Gerard's presence. Those large, luminous eyes looked at him and saw him not, or saw him only as a stranger whose image evolved not one ray of interest.

The nurse dried her tears and soothed her after that burst of grief at the piano, and a few minutes later she stood at the open window tranquillized and smiling, watching for someone with an air of glad expectancy.

"How late he is," she said, "and I've got such a nice little dinner for him. I'm afraid it will be spoilt by waiting. It's the day the new magazines are given out. He is always late that day. I ought to have remembered."

She turned quietly from the window and looked about the room.

"What has become of my sewing machine?" she asked. "Have you taken it away?" to the nurse; "Or you!" to Gerard. "Pray bring it

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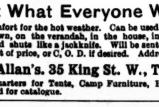

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back directly, or I shall be behindhand with my work."

Her thoughts were all in the past, the days before she had entered into the tragedy of life, while yet existence was calm and passionless, and meant only patience and duty. How strange it seemed to find her memory dwelling upon that dull life of drudgery and care, while the season of joy and love was forgotten.

"Is she often as restless as this?" he asked, with an agonized look at the doctor, who stood by the window, calmly watchful of his patient.

"Restless, do you call her? You would know what restlessness means if you had seen her three days ago, when the delirium was at its height, and one delusion followed another at lightning pace in that poor little head, and when it was all her two nurses could do to keep her from doing herself harm. She has improved wonderfully since then, and I am a great deal more hopeful about her.

"Have you had no second opinion? Surely in such a case as this a specialist should have been consulted?"

"We have had Dr. Campbell, the famous mad-doctor, whose opinion of the case corresponds with my own. There is very little to be done. Watchfulness and good nursing are all that we have to look to—and nature, the great healer. I was right, you see, I told you she would not know you, and that seeing you could do her neither good nor harm."

"Yes, you were right. I am nothing to her—no more than if I had been a century dead—no more than any of the dead who are lying under those crumbling old tombstones over there."

He glanced towards the churchyard where the April sun was shining upon gray granite and golden lichen, the dark foliage of antique yews and the downy tufts upon the willows. He was standing side by side with the woman who had loved him better than her life, and she took no heed of him. He tried to take her hand, but she moved away from him, winging at him in shy surprise and with some touch of apprehension or dislike.

"Hester," he exclaimed, piteously, "don't you know me?"

"Are you another doctor?" she asked. "There have been so many doctors—so many strangers, and yet I am quite well. They have cut off my hair, and they treat me as if I were a child—but there is nothing the matter with me. I don't want any more doctors."

"You see how she is," said Mr. Mivor. "I think you had better come away at once. Your presence excites her, although she does not know you. Nothing can be done for her that is not being done in this house. Miss Gilstone has been all kindness. She has given up her sitting-room and bed-room to your wife because they are the prettiest in the house."

"She is an angel of goodness and charity," said Gerard, "and heaven knows how I can ever repay her."

"She is a Christian," said Mr. Mivor, "and she won't look to you for any reward. It is as natural for her to do good as it is for the flowers to bloom when their season comes."

Gerard followed the doctor out of the room, his looks lingering to the last upon the sweet, pale face by the window, but the face gave no token of returning memory. The doctor was right, no doubt. Messages of some kind were being carried swiftly enough along the nerve-fibres to their nerve corpuscles, but no message told of Gerard Hillersdon's existence, or of last year's love-story.

Mr. Hillersdon did not go back to London immediately after leaving the rectory. He was fagged and faint after the long night of travel, the long morning of heart-rending emotions, the unaccustomed hurrying to and fro; he had had something to do that must be done, and with this business on his mind he had refused all offers of refreshment from the hospitable rector, although he had eaten nothing since the hurried dinner in Paris on the previous night. He went from the rectory at Lowcombe to the Rose and Crown, in the next village, the inn to which Hester had been carried after the rescue from the river, and at which the inquest upon her baby had been held. He went to that house thinking that there he would be most likely to get the information he wanted about the man who had saved Hester's life, and lightened his burden of guilt by so much the dearest portion of the sacrifice.

Life was saved and reason might return; but, alas, with returning reason would come the mother's cry for the child she had slain in her madness. Must she be told—or would she remember what she had done—would she recall the circumstances of that fearful night, and know that in her attempt to end her own sorrows she had destroyed her innocent child?

To day his business was to find out the name of the man who had saved her life, possibly at the hazard of his own, and he argued that the Rose and Crown was the likeliest place at which to get the information he wanted.

He was not mistaken. The inn was kept by a buxom widow, who charged abnormal prices for bedrooms in the boating season, and was said to have fattened by picking the bones of boating men. Although her bills were extortionate her heart was beneficent, and she was eager to be serviceable to Mr. Hanley of the Rosary. She expatiated tearfully upon the loveliness of the dear young lady, who had been carried unconscious and apparently dead to the Rose and Crown's best bedroom. She dilated upon the efforts that had been made to bring life back to that cold form, and upon her own pious thankfulness when those efforts proved successful.

"Indeed, sir, I thought the poor dear young lady was gone," she said, "and if we hadn't had a medical student in the house who hurged us to go on," the aspirate here seemed only an element of force, "and if we hadn't had the Newmane Sercleety's instructions 'anging up in the 'all, I don't suppose we should ever have had the patience or the strength of mind to have kep' at it."

"Can you tell me the name of the man who rescued her?" asked Gerard, somewhat curtly, considering the landlady's beneficence a matter to be settled like her bills by a handsome check.

"Why, of course I can, sir. He and his friend was obliged to stay the night in the house, for he'd nothing but his wet boating clothes and a overcoat. He stopped that night and his clothes was dried at my own sitting-room fire, which I kep' up all night on purpose, and he wrote his name in the visitors' book before he left next morning. I says, 'I should like to have your name in my book, sir, for you're a brave-hearted man.' And he laughs and says, 'Lor, landlady, you don't think that anything out of the way, do you? And as for my name,' he says, 'it's a very common one, but such as it is you're welcome to it.'"

The landlady produced a fat, black quarto, in which amidst much sportive commendation of her meat and drink, and many fictitious entries of dukes and marquises, famous politicians, and notorious public characters, and a good deal of doggerel verse, there appeared the following modest entry:

Lawrence Brown, 49 Parchment Place, Inner Temple.

Gerard copied the address into his pocket-book, presented the mistress of the Rose and Crown with a bank note, for distribution among those servants who had been active and helpful on the night of the catastrophe, wished her good-day, and was seated in his fly before she had time to steal a glance at the denomination of the note, or to give speech to her gratitude on discovering that it was not five, but five-and-twenty.

"This Mr. Hanley must be rich to throw his money about like this," she reflected, "but for all that I don't believe that pretty young creature is his wife. She wouldn't have took to wandering about with her baby if she had been. Perpetual fever, says the doctor. Don't tell me. Perpetual fever would never make a respectable married woman forget herself to that extent."

Within two hours' space of leaving the Rose and Crown Gerard Hillersdon was seated face to face with Lawrence Brown, barrister of no particular circuit, and of Parchment place, Inner Temple.

The room was shabby almost to squalidness; the man was nearer forty than thirty, with roughly modelled features, keen eyes, fine intelligent brow, and black hair already touched with gray about the temples.

He received Mr. Hillersdon's thanks politely, but with obvious reserve. He made very light of what he had done—no man seeing a life at stake could have done less. He was sorry—but when his face grew pale and stern—he had not been able to save the other life, the poor little child.

"My friend and I heard a child's faint cry," he said, "and it was that which called our attention to the spot, before we heard the splash. The current carried her at that point. The woman rose and sank again twice before I caught hold of her, but the child was swept away upon the current. The body was found caught among the weeds and rushes half a mile lower down the stream."

There was a silence of some moments, during which Mr. Brown refilled his briarwood pipe automatically and looked at the little bit of fire burning dully in a rusty iron grate.

"Mr. Brown," began Gerard abruptly, "I am a very rich man."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Brown. "There are consolations in wealth which we poor men can hardly realize."

"You have called yourself a poor man," said Gerard, eagerly, "so you must not be angry with me if I presume to take that as a fact. I am rich, but my wealth is of very little use to me. I have had my death warrant. My time for spending money will very soon be over, and my wealth must pass into other hands. I am here to beg your acceptance of a substantial reward for that which has saved my life from a burden that must have been unbearable—the thought that my absence from England had caused the death of the person who is dearer to me than anyone else upon earth. Will you oblige me with your inkstand?"

He stretched his hand towards a shabby china ink-pot in which half-a-dozen much-used quills kept guard over a thimbleful of ink.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Hanley?"

"I am going to write a cheque, if you will allow me—a cheque for five thousand pounds, payable to your order."

"You are very good, but I am not a boat-man, and I don't save lives on hire. I have not the faintest claim upon your purse. What I did for your—for Mrs. Hanley, I would have done for any love-sick kitchen-wench along the river. I heard a woman fall into the water and I fetched her out. Do you suppose that I want to take money for that?"

"You would take a big fee for doing everything short of perjuring yourself in order to save the neck of a ruffianly burglar," said Gerard.

"I should do that in the way of business. It is my profession to defend burglars, and, short of perjury, to make believe that they are innocent and lamb-like."

"And you will not accept this recompense from me—a trifling recompense as compared with my large means. You will not allow me to think that for once in a way my wealth has been of some service to a good man."

"I thank you for your kind opinion of me, and for your wish to do me a kindness, but I cannot take a gift of money from you."

"Because you think badly of me?"

"I could not take a gift of money from any man who was not of my own blood, or so near and dear to me by friendship as to nullify all sense of obligation."

"But you could feel no obligation in this case, while your refusal to accept any substantial expression of my gratitude would be under the burden of a very heavy obligation. Do you think that is generous on your part?"

"I am only certain of one thing, Mr. Hanley—I cannot accept my gift from you."

"Because you have had a bad opinion of me. Come, Mr. Brown, between man and man, is not that your reason?"

"You force me to plain speech," answered the barrister. "Yes, that is one of my reasons. I could not take a favor from a man I despise, and I can have no better feeling than contempt for the man who could abandon a lonely and highly strung girl in the day of trial—leave her to break her heart, and to try to make an end of herself in her despair."

"You are very ready with your summing up of my conduct. I was absent—granted; but I had left Mrs. Hanley surrounded with all proper care——"

"You mean you had left her with a full purse and three or four servants. Do you think that means the care due from a husband to a wife who is about to become a mother? You must not be surprised if I have formed my own opinion about you, Mr. Hanley. I have been up and down the river a good many times, and have lived for a good many days here and there at riverside inns within a few miles of the Rosary, and have heard a good deal of talk about you and your lovely wife—not wife, as the case may be. The village gossips would have it that she was not your wife."

"The village gossips were right. I was bound by an earlier claim, and I dared not marry her; but if she and I live, and if I can release myself from that other claim with honor, she shall be my wife."

"I am glad to hear that. But I doubt if your tardy reparation can ever efface the past."

The man was obviously so thoroughly in earnest that even in the face of those shabby chambers, that well-worn shooting jacket and those neat-fitting trowsers, Gerard could push his offer no further. He might have been as rich as Rothschild, and this man would have accepted not so much as a single piece of gold out of his treasury. There are men of strong feelings and prejudices to whom money is not all in all; men who are content to wear shabby tweed and trowsers that are bulging at the knees and frayed at the edge, and to sit beside a sparse fire in a rusty grate, and smoke coarse tobacco in an eighteen penny pipe, so long as that inward fire of conscience burns bright and clear, and the silvering head can hold itself high in the face of mankind.

(To be Continued.)

The Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street, beg to announce that they have opened up the latest novelties in spring dress goods, silks, etc. We cordially invite you to inspect the very latest in Parisian millinery, jeweled trimming and other novelties.

How the Prince of Wales Fell in Love.

Two stories are related, on creditable authority, of the manner in which the heir apparent to the throne of England first heard of the charms of the Prince of Denmark's daughter; and both of them form pretty incidents in the prologue of what is regarded as the most charming royal romance in modern times. H. R. H. Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up. Colonel —— drew from his pocket the photograph, as he supposed, of his *fiancee*, to show it proudly to his companions. But instead of Lady ——'s likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken *carte de visite* of the most charming girl the prince's eyes had ever rested upon—a girl wearing a simple little white gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon circling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone. The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be. "The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the *carte de visite* changed owners. H. R. H. showed it that evening to a confidential friend—one who knew of the matrimonial designs of the queen for the Prince of Wales, a bride from one of the well known German houses having been selected. The quaint little photograph had not left the prince's keeping when a few days later he again, and quite by chance, encountered at the house of a certain duchess the same noble young face, this time exquisitely painted in miniature, the property of a lady who had just returned from Denmark.

Never, so it is said, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, had there been a rything so sumptuous as the preparations for the progress of this royal bride from Gravesend to London, thence on to Windsor Castle. It seemed as if the whole nation had swarmed into public view, so crowded were the thoroughfares, the country-side, and the shores which greeted the eyes of the Danish girl, whose new dignity seemed to have acquired something positively spectacular in the splendor with which the people set it forth.

Early in the day sixty young ladies attired in the red and white colors of Denmark assembled at the wharves, to strew flowers beneath the feet of the prince's bride. The moment the yacht came in view bearing its precious freight, the air was rent with cheers, at which—so relates a lady in the party—Alexandra turned pale with excitement and clung to her mother, hardly knowing what to do or say in answer to the wild tumult of the people. Those upon the shore saw a pretty sight—a timid, girlish figure, dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side, then, returning to the cabin, was seen first at one window, then at another, the bewitching face framed in a little white bonnet, the work of her own hands—and which, it may be remarked, had to be replaced at Gravesend for something more suited to the bride of the Prince of Wales. The prince's yacht approached that of his bride, the gangway was thrown down, and immediately he was seen by all those thousands to rush across it, and waiting for no formal word of greeting, and to the delight of the onlookers, caught the princess in his arms and kissed her, just as an honest Yorkshire man said to me in describing the scene, "as though she were any other lass."—*Lucy C. Lillie in Lippincott's.*

Laconic

Needham—I say, old boy, can you lend me —(finishes in pantomime).

Keepham—Sorry, old fellow, but I'm dead—(finishes in pantomime).—*Puck.*

Asking for Further Information.

"This is a specimen of pig iron," said the superintendent as he showed Miss Backbay of Boston through the foundry.

"Aw, how interesting! Now would you tell me how this is—aw—porcine iron differs from the other sort?"—*Judge.*

The Boy and the Preacher.

Bobby—Are you the man that preacher this morning?

Minister—Yes, little boy.

Bobby—I guess everybody didn't just like your sermon, did they?

Minister—I don't know. I preached as well as I could.

Bobby—Yes; pa said you tried to do your darndest.—*Judge.*

A Straight Tip.

"Is your sister in the house, Miss Dorothy?"

"Yes, she is; and if you're coming often you'd better hurry up and propose, 'cause I've noticed with all the others when it goes on so long it never comes to anything."—*Life.*

Epidemic

"I understand that Miss Passe was quite a belle once."

"Yes, indeed, with swarms of admirers."

"Why did she never marry?"

"Declined rapidly for several years—then heart failure set in.

"That was sad—but she seems to have reached a good age."

"Ah—but her admirers had the heart failure."—*Life.*

Perseverantia Omnia Vincit.

(Not always.)

Mike and his lady on the street in the full glare of an electric light. Mike leaning against a fence, looking tired and dejected.

Kathleen—Niver you moind, Moike; you'd bethher not try it again; and I'm not ashamed to be seen walking wid you, anyhow.

Mike—But Oi won't give it oop now afther thrying three times to put the bastly thing out. It's an nooralizg, Kathleen, thot comes on me every time I look thot wire, likes as it would take me arm off.—*Judge.*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyrian, M. P. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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She Leaves Them Alone.

Miss Abby See.—Now, what will you boys do if I take away your clothes
Chorus of School-boys.—We'll chase ye! Yah!—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Mr. Smythe's Volume.

THE thin volumes which issue from the presses of the many cities of America and which bear on the usually plain cover the legend that they are the verses of such and such an aspirant to poetic fame, have become a byword and source of mirth among literary people. This is not always undeserved, as the verses so issued are in many cases of a mediocre description. But the volume before me* does not deserve the fate of most of these thin volumes. Many of the poems are a distinct acquisition to that chimerical fetish of some writers, Canadian literature. Mr. Smythe's poetic gift is chiefly lyrical; but he appears even better in poems of grave and elevated thought than in the lighter conceits of the fancy. The following is a good specimen of his ability, exquisite in its simplicity.

ONE.

Of all the flowers at my feet
A single blossom was sweet.
Of all the birds in the tree
One alone sang for me.
Of all the starry array
One shone over my way.
But the blossom has ceased to wave;
The bird has carolled his stave;
The starlight shines on a grave!

There is also much music and virility in Mr. Smythe's verses. The four lyrics entitled Lilies have a melodious sweetness:

Tiny tinkling bells of beauty
Peal forth sills calls to duty,
And the fairy people rally
Round the lilies of the valley.

The virility of his poetic gift is most marked in his sonnets. He is not always so successful with the sonnet-form as in the one here given, but every sonnet embodies some fine and often majestic thought. The following is his best and perhaps, as a whole, the finest poem in the book.

THE FORGOTTEN POET.

With fragrance flows, as of a long-plucked bud,
The little song I sing with so much care,
Sweet for a day, will swoon upon the flood
Of days that will forget my song was fair.
The matter-song is mighty rushing wind
Mixed with all fragrance, strong with a great breath
From cloudland and the chimes that win the mind,
And full of pulses to awaken death.
Fall well I know the storm will smite my flower,
My tiny short stemmed blossom of the sod;
But when my flower and I have lived an hour
I'll bear on the wind away to God;
And wind and flower and spirit may adorn
Some Eden garden where new worlds are born.

The following sestett from another sonnet addressed to a lady" is also fine:

What if a sphere above me holds thy home
Whose pathway circles higher than my course!
A heaven-sent token and a long-sought sign
Forever over me thy grace will shine;
Still may I pray with thee beneath one dome,
Still trace my soul with thine to one dread source.

Many of Mr. Smythe's poems are characterized by an airy, elastic humor, at times cynical, but never objectionally so. His humor at its best has an undercurrent of tears, but there is nothing puerile about it. It has what may be truthfully called "a manly melancholy." It reminds one of Thackeray in his Ballads. His best poem in this mood is Fate the Milkman:

My fate's a wicked dairyman
Who sells me skim and charges cream,
Puts "Human Kindness" on his can
And cold pump water on my dream.

With deprecatory pretence
He begs his dues like other prigs,
My time, my labor and my pence,
And steals my tit-bits for his pigs.

I asked him why the milk I buy
Is worse than theirs who dress in silk,
But crafily he made reply:
"I furnish them with asses' milk!"

I'd gladly change, but where I dwell
He quite controls his branch of trade;
He is an anchorite as well
And does not keep a dairy maid.

O Milkman Fate! these many years
Your human kindness mocks my thirst;
Your sweetest milk is salt with tears
And on such food my hopes are nursed.

His poem In Lodgings is also fine, but space does not allow quotation, and his Peanut Ballads, which have from time to time appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, are written in good swinging verse and form a department of their own. Mr. Smythe's genius reminds one alternately of that of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Algernon Charles Swinburne. His method may be said to be new among Canadian poets, the only one with whom he can be compared being John Reade of Montreal. Although there is nothing distinctively Canadian about them, they are good literature, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with success in a wider field than Canada.

TOUCHSTONE.

* Poems, Grave and Gay, by Albert E. S. Smythe. Imrie & Graham, Toronto.

Patriotic.

"Do the Russians really eat candles?" asked a Washington lady of the Russian ambassador.

"No, madam," was the reply, "it is a calumny, a tallow calumny, so to speak."

Music.

What a pretty concert that was on Thursday of last week when the "Canadian Nightingales" held forth at the Pavilion! The only drawback was that it was not as well patronized as it deserved to be in proportion to its excellence. The man with curiosity was again out in full force and I have had many enquiries as to which was the better singer, Mrs. Thomson or Mrs. Caldwell. To weigh such a delicate question and upon my own poor human judgment deliver an opinion *ex cathedra*, as it were, is a function I do not feel it either incumbent upon me or necessary to undertake. Criticism, pure and simple, is only too liable to be colored by the personal predilections of the critic and to be limited by his knowledge and judgment, but comparative criticism is liable to be still more frail when its objects are those who are in our midst every day and who may be personal friends of the critic. So, my good readers, as far I am concerned the question must remain unanswered. Most of those who were at the concert formed their opinion either in favor of one or the other of these ladies, and any word of mine would only be corroborated or would be bitterly challenged.

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Mrs. Thomson was the first to appear and sang the aria, Regnarv nel Silenzio most excellently. Her voice was pure and sweet throughout and her vocalization was beautifully fluent and correct. The tender, sympathetic quality of her voice was probably never heard to better advantage, a result that applied equally to her singing of Home, Sweet Home. Mrs. Caldwell was just as successful in her singing of one of the most brilliant pieces in her repertoire, The Queen of the Night aria from the Magic Flute. The continuous demands upon her upper register were met with spontaneity and grace, and her staccato wanderings in the octave above the staff were delightful in their certainty and ease. Her singing of the Rainy Day was a gem of feeling and expression. Mr. Harold Jarvis was at his best and gave a splendid rendering of The White Squall, full of dramatic fervor, while his encore song, Douglas Gordon, was one of the tenderest bits of ballad singing ever heard in Toronto. Mrs. A. Huycke Garrett is a new face upon the concert platform and sang very acceptably. She has a very agreeable contralto voice and sings with taste. A little more study and a little more experience would make her a welcome addition to our list of concert singers.

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Mr. H. M. Blight gave a fine rendering of Heart and Hand with The Longshoreman as an encore. Mr. J. Bryce Mundie sang Spirito Gentil from La Favorita in agreeable voice, but a trifle slowly. Mr. J. F. Thomson sang the Toreador song in excellent style, but his voice was not in sufficiently good condition to enable him to sing the aria with the splendid execution that has characterized his former renditions of it. The only instrumentalist upon the programme was Miss Lizzie Massie, who played Popper's Gavotte for the violoncello. She has a good tone and very fluent execution, and shared the fate of most of the performers in being encored. The accompaniments were all that could be desired, Mrs. H. M. Blight and Mr. E. W. Phillips assisting in this department.

•

Next week will bring us Theodore Thomas and his splendid orchestra in a well selected programme. Of the soloists, Campanini and Joseffy have been here before, so often as to need no introduction. Miss Katherine Fleming, the other soloist, is a young contralto who

MISS KATHERINE FLEMING.

is very highly spoken of, and who is a member of the quartette in the Madison Avenue Baptist church in New York. The programme to be played will embrace Beethoven's immortal Fifth Symphony, the E minor Concerto of Chopin-Tausig, Siegfried's Death from Wagner's Gotterdemmerung, Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, Bizet's Suite L'Arlesienne and the Tannhæuser overture. Truly a splendid bill of fare.

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The fact that I have received from Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, the generous patroness of the National Conservatory of America, a circular naming dates and conditions for the examinations of candidates for gratuitous tuition in vocal and instrumental music with a request for its publication, would lead one to believe that the generosity of that institution will not be confined in its practical results to those who live under the Stars and Stripes, but that Canadians found worthy of its advantages may participate as well. The circular states that the successful candidates will enjoy the tuition of the best teachers that can be engaged and, after graduation, will be afforded opportunities of making known their accomplishments, thus securing engagements. The conditions of admission as to fees, etc., varying according to the classification of the pupil, are determined by the board of directors. Instruction in all branches will be given free to students whose talent and circumstances warrant it. The course embraces tuition in singing, stage deportment, elocution, fencing, Italian, and instrumental and theoretic music in all its branches. The entrance examinations take place at the Conservatory, East 17th street, New York, in singing September 24 and 25, orchestral instruments September 28, piano and organ September 29, orchestra November 2, chorus November 4, operatic chorus November 2.

Apropos of Mr. C. A. E. Harris and the "Westminster Abbey boy," what a portentous title is that of Vicar-Choral! Most people would expect to find that a Vicar-Choral is a tremendously important functionary of the Abbey, clerical of course, with wig, gown, hood, and all the other millinery of an imposing station in the choir of one of the most imposing edifices of the world. Probably he would in his physical and business reality be found "imposing." I have the May number of the *Musical Times* before me, from whose advertising columns it would appear that Mr. William Sexton, Vicar-Choral of Westminster Abbey, is only an ordinary everyday musical agent who provides artists and glee-boys and glee-men for concerts, dinners and the like. He is now sole business manager and singing master to the "celebrated solo soprano boy and pianist, Denman Groome, aged 12." He also refers to Master Frederick Williams' great success in Canada and America *(sic)*, and closes his advertisement with an N. B., as portentous to us as a lady's postscript: "None of Mr. Sexton's boys are from Westminster Abbey." Evidently his recent "special permission" has got him into hot water and the authorities of the Abbey have sat upon him. By the way, SATURDAY NIGHT's reference to Mr. C. A. E. Harris and the "Westminster Abbey Boy" has been widely referred to in the press of the United States and Canada, and numerous calls have been made upon Mr. C. A. E. Harris to get up and explain, but so far his silence has been profound.

•

Mr. D. E. Cameron takes charge to-morrow of the choir of the Carlton street Methodist church and has arranged programmes for the two services which occur, embracing besides the former soloists of the choir such voices as those of Miss Norma Reynolds, Miss Bonsall, Mrs. D. E. Cameron and Mr. D. E. Cameron.

•

All lovers of music in Toronto will regret to hear that Mr. Harold Jarvis has accepted an engagement in Detroit, which will call for his attendance every Sunday at the new Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Arthur Depew is organist. Mr. Jarvis' departure from our Sunday services is a loss which will be severely felt in our churches, notably after his fine singing at the Church of the Redeemer last Sunday morning at the Confirmation service. Mr. Jarvis will still continue to fill his engagements with the Mozart Quartette, covering the months of June and July, and will continue his connection with that successful organization during the coming season.

•

On Wednesday evening the advanced pupils of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam gave a recital in the Music Hall of the Toronto College of Music, particulars of which were most creditable to that popular instructor. A large audience was most spontaneous in its demonstrations of applause at the efforts of Mrs. Cox, Miss Bauld, Miss Bonsall, Miss Brimson, Miss Brown, Miss McFaull, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Lugsdin.

•

Mr. Robinson, known in artistic circles as Pierre Delasco, will give a recital in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists on Tuesday, June 16, when he will be assisted by the leading artists of the city.

METRONOME.

Shakespeare,

THE CHILD OF WIT AND COMMON SENSE.

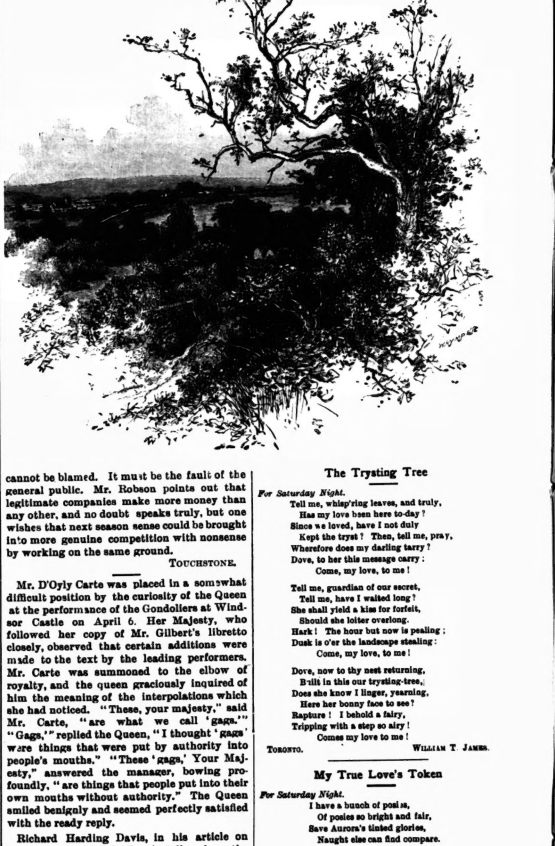
For Saturday Night.

Once humorous Wit with happy, roguish air
Would fain have a bob-nob with Common Sense;
They met, but Wit was fill'd with love intense,
And wedded then became the royal pair.
A child was born to them of the rare kind,
Who cull'd from history's uninviting page
Some prosy facts, part blurred o'er with age,
And took them to the laboratory of the mind;
And with the aid of its alchemy refin'd
Them and fashioned them into great thoughts,
And wreathed them with language's forget-me-nots.
The world's bard thou! The drama's worthy sage!
The tragic and humorous muse, the grave and gay,
Around thy genius a lustrous halo play.

W. H. STEVENS.

The Drama.

The dramatic season is practically closed in Toronto, and it has been in many respects the dreariest that Toronto has known of late years. Below is given Mr. Stuart Robson's view of the dramatic situation. He is certainly hopeful with grounds for being so. The past season has, both in London and New York, been more than usually productive of good dramatic work, but regrettably Toronto "is not in it." The line is being sharply drawn between sense and nonsense, but first-class attractions of the first named quality are becoming more and more unattainable in the lesser cities of America. In Toronto we have been getting a few, but most of them have been of a comparatively low grade. In the realm of nonsense, however, we have had first-class attractions: Agnes Huntington, Marie Tempest and Camille Darville, the queens of this world have come and gone and delighted many people, but their triumphs would have been greater had they been preceded by stars of a more truly dramatic character. Delightful as a good comic opera is, it has become as the wild grape vine that crushes the oak which gives it support. Its gains are so great as to tempt all classes of actors into its ranks. It is sapping the vitality of the grand opera and the legitimate drama. In the London papers we read that Mrs. Leslie Carter, an actress who has proved herself of great ability, will prostitute her talents in a semi-French farcical opera next season, and this is but one instance. Mrs. Carter's and her company's acting is one of the first bright spots in the past season. James O'Neill with the Dead Heart, and Janauschek in her striking portrayal of the aged Queen Elizabeth are also remembered. Robert Mantell in Hamlet and Othello, and Rose Coghlan in her well known repertoire almost complete the list of first-class dramatic attractions, although Rosina Vokes and E. H. Sothern might be included. As was said above, the comic opera has almost killed grand opera, except in the three or four large cities. The last of the regular traveling companies of this class, the Emma Juch Company, which appeared in Toronto last October, is disbanded. Most of the other attractions have been poor and the outlook for next year is worse still. Managers



cannot be blamed. It must be the fault of the general public. Mr. Robson points out that legitimate companies make more money than any other, and no doubt speaks truly, but one wishes that next season sense could be brought into more genuine competition with nonsense by working on the same ground.

TOUCHSTONE.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte was placed in a somewhat difficult position by the curiosity of the Queen at the performance of the Gondoliers at Windsor Castle on April 6. Her Majesty, who followed her copy of Mr. Gilbert's libretto closely, observed that certain additions were made to the text by the leading performers. Mr. Carte was summoned to the elbow of royalty, and the queen graciously inquired of him the meaning of the interpolations which she had noticed. "These, your majesty," said Mr. Carte, "are what we call 'gags.'" "Gags,'" replied the Queen, "I thought 'gags' were things that were put by authority into people's mouths." "These 'gags,' Your Majesty," answered the manager, bowing profoundly, "are things that people put into their own mouths without authority." The Queen smiled benignly and seemed perfectly satisfied with the ready reply.

Richard Harding Davis, in his article on Broadway in May *Scribner's*, tells where the actors walk: "Union square is bounded on the south by that famous strip of pavement known to New Yorkers who read the papers as 'the Rialto.' This is the promenade of actors, but a very different class indeed from the polished gentlemen who brighten upper Broadway. They are just as aggressively conspicuous, but less beautiful, and they are engaged in waiting for something to turn up. They have just returned from a tour which opened and closed at Yonkers, and they cannot tell why. They have come back "to reorganize," as they express it, and to start afresh next week with another manager and greater hopes. They live chiefly on hope. It is said it is possible to cast in one morning any one of Shakespeare's plays, to equip any number of farce companies, and to "organize" three Uncle Tom's Cabin combinations, with even more than the usual number of Marks the lawyer, from this melancholy market of talent that ranges about the theatrical agencies and costumers' shops and bar-rooms of lower Union square."

In a recent interview Stuart Robson, when asked his opinion of the present state of the mind of the play-going public, said:

"I believe that people, by the prevalence of farce-comedy, have been laughed out. Will farce-comedy survive? I think that the better class will. What do I call the better class? Champagne and Oysters, produced some years ago at the old Park Theater, Forbidden Fruit, Aunt Jack and Dr. Bill.

"Farce-comedy has its uses," continued Mr. Robson, risen from his chair and walking across the room, as though on the companion deck. "It has purified pure comedy. Scalawagism of the past an audience of to-day would resent, except in farce-comedy."

"How so?"

"For instance, in She Stoops to Conquer a bit of legitimate business handed down for Tony Lumpkin was that, when a lady he admires rises from her chair, Tony should kiss the seat of the chair.

"Another old-time business was for Graves, who was a gentleman, in Money, to carry a handkerchief with a hole in it, and to blow his nose through the hole with his fingers.

"The audience to-day does not like such business in comedy. It finds its place in the average farce-comedy.

"In my new play, is Marriage a Failure, I play the part of a gentleman who has humorous and pathetic elements in his nature. In the last scene I am annoyed by the officious attentions of his wife's friends. I knock a man down. The audience laughs, but doesn't like it. So I cut it out. How the olden time would have liked it, though!"

"What are your thoughts about the decline of the drama?" asked the scribe.

"I don't think that the drama is declining. There is more money made by legitimate than by farce comedy. The success of Jefferson and Florence in The Rivals has not been equaled. The same may be said of Irving's production at the Lyceum.

"Farce-comedy has brought to the theater people who wouldn't otherwise have gone. And the people, many of them, have become regular theatergoers and have patronized other plays.

"A few years ago Daniel Bandmann gave performances of Hamlet in dime museums. That was another good thing for the drama; those people who saw Bandmann had their tastes and thoughts elevated, and undoubtedly many of them were thus brought to the first-class theaters."

The Trysting Tree

For Saturday Night.

Tell me, whispering leaves, and truly,
Has my love been here to-day?
Since we loved, have I not duly
Kept the tryst? Then, tell me, pray,
Wherefore does my darling tarry?
Dove, to her this message carry:
Come, my love, to me!

Tell me, guardian of our secret,
Tell me, have I waited long?
She shall yield a kiss for forfeit,
Should she loiter overlong.
Hark! The hour but now is pealing;
Dusk is o'er the landscape stealing:
Come, my love, to me!

Dove, now to thy nest returning,
Built in this our trysting-tree,
Does she know I linger, yearning,
Here her bonny face to see?
Rapture! I behold a fairy,
Tripping with a step so airy!
Comes my love to me!

TORONTO. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

My True Love's Token

For Saturday Night.

I have a bunch of posies,
Of posies so fair,
Save Aurora's tinted glories,
Naught else can find compare.

O! the gold and p'nky splendor
Of my yellow daffodils
And May flowers, nestling under
Their leaves, from the mossy dells.

The bees' ambrosial drinking cups,
Filled with sun-distilled perfume
And chalices for the dew drops,
Making odorous all my room.

I will tie a dainty love knot
With silken band and white,
For these bright flowers my sweetheart
Sent me lovingly to-night.

With a message fond and tender
For my birthday ball to-night.
And no gems excel in splendor
My bunch of posies bright.

R.

Hexameter Translations of the Iliad.

AGAMEMNON IN THE FIGHT.

These, then, he left, and away where ranks were now clashing the thickest,
Onward rushed, and with him rushed all of the brightgreaved Achaians.
Foot then footmen slew, that were flying from direful compulsion,
Horse at the horsemen (up from off under them volumed the dust-cloud,
Up off the plain, raised up cloud-thick by the thundering horse-hooves)
Hewed with the sword's sharp edge; and so meanwhile Lord Agamemnon
Followed, chasing and slaughtering aye, on-urging the fugives.
Now, as when fire voracious catches the unclipped woodland,
This way bears it and that the great whirl of the wind, and the scrubwood
Stretches upturn, fling forward aleugth by the fire's fury raging,
So beneath Atrides Agamemnon heads of the scattered
Trojans fall; and in numbers amany the horses, neck-stiffened,
Rattled their vacant cars down the roadway gape of the war field,
Missing the blameless charioteers, but, for these, they were outstretched
Flat upon earth, far dearer to vultures than to their homemates.

PARIS AND DIOMEDES.

So he, with clear shout of laughter,
Forth of his ambush leapt, and he vaunts! him, uttering this wise:
"Hit thou art! not in vain flew the shaft; how by rights it had pierced thee
Into the undermost gut, therewith to have rived thee of life-breath!
Nollowing that had the Trojans plucked a new breath from their direst.
They all frighted of thee, as the goats blest in flight from a lion."
Then unto him untroubled made answer shout Diomedes:
"Bow-guard, jiber, thy bow for thy glorying, sprer ah virgins!
If that thou dared'st face me here out in the open with weapons,
Nothing then would avail thee thy bow and thy thick shot of arrows.
Now then plumest thee vainly because of a graze of my footcole.
Rock I as were that stroke from a woman or some petish infant.
Aye flies blunted the dart of the man that's emasculate, naught-worth!
Otherwise hits, forth flying from me, and but strikes it the slightest,
My keen shaft, and it numbers a man of the dead fallen straightway.
Torn, troth, then are the cheeks of the wife of that man slaughtered
Orphans his babes, full surely he reddens the earth with his blood-drops,
Rotting, round him the birds, more numerous they than the women."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Noted People.

Iconoclasts have sought to throw doubt on the old John Knox house in the Canongate of Edinburgh, as a former home of the great Scotch reformer, but Sir Daniel Wilson of Toronto, the author of Old Edinburgh, defends the tradition as not inconsi

The announcement by ta Dr. D. C. W. Bridgman, a Baptist minister of New York, that, no longer believing in hell, he felt compelled to resign his pastorate, has agitated the clerical world even more than Father Ignatius's attacks on Heber Newton, Rainsford and others.

Billiards are Mark Twain's favorite diversion, and he has a table and cues conveniently at hand in his Hartford home. Mr. Clemens and his family are going over the water for a long stay, but he says distinctly that this is not to be another trip of "the innocents abroad."

One of the recent victims of the influenza in England was Edwin Long, an artist, who was judged by widely different estimates. His work found many admirers, however, and he excelled particularly in his imaginative representations of Oriental antiquity. Some of his portraits were also greatly praised.

Dr. Henry W. Heipziger, who was chosen last week by the Board of Education for assistant superintendent of public schools, has been for some time the director of the Hebrew Technical Institute of this city. He managed the free public lectures last winter to the great satisfaction of every one. The Board of Education has made an excellent choice.

The suit brought by a Bostonian against a New York dealer in violins calls attention to the market price of instruments accredited to Antonius Stradivarius, the lute maker of Cremona. Experts have sworn that a genuine Stradivarius should be worth five thousand dollars, and the unmusical have been set to wondering what qualities a mere fiddle can possess that it should be rated at such a price.

Dr. Livingstone's faithful servant, Susi, died recently in Zanzibar. With a companion, he carried the famous explorer's body fifteen hundred miles, from the interior of Africa to the coast, suffering many privations and risking dangers in hostile territory, in order that he might save his master from an unknown grave. Parliament thanked Susi for his performance, and even the Queen took notice of his courage and fidelity.

"John, the Orangeman," is the most popular member of the under faculty at Harvard College. He has sold fruit to the students since 1855, and has a valuable acquaintance among the distinguished alumni of the university. Sometimes the students take him with them as a mascot when they go away to play an important foot-ball or base-ball game, and on such occasions, it is hardly necessary to say, John receives all the honors due his position.

The privilege of feeling the royal pulse in Siam has been given to Dr. W. R. Lee, a young physician who was sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions less than a year ago to cure the bodies as well as the souls of the heathen. Dr. Lee was so successful in putting into practice the principles he learned at the medical school of the University of the City of New York, that the king appointed him the royal galen. Less than five years ago, before he had an opportunity to cultivate his taste for medicine, Dr. Lee was driving an express wagon in Springfield, Ohio.

Benjamin P. Hutchinson, the "Old Hutch" of Chicago wheat-pit fame, spent most of his boyhood in and about North Reading, Massachusetts, where the older inhabitants still remember his propensity for trading. Even in those days he showed unusual shrewdness in his business transactions, rarely failing to make a profit. He learned the shoemaker's trade, and at one time peddled his wares in a bag, but soon got so far ahead that he had a manufactory and store. As he grew older he became a familiar figure in Lynn, and in the tall white hat and surtout coat that he affected looked not unlike cartoons of "Brother Jonathan."

One of the leading characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin, George Harris, was taken from the experiences of Lewis George Clarke, formerly a slave and now living at Lexington, Kentucky. He has recently been visiting a brother, J. Milton Clarke, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. From these two freedmen, both of whom are nearly white, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gained many of the facts which she afterward wove into her great anti-slavery story. Lewis George Clarke knew personally many of the people who formed the characters of the story, which, he says, might have been made much stronger in places without departing from the realm of music. Mr. Clarke has had nine children, all of whom he sent to Oberlin College. His wife and two of the children are now dead, and he spends much of his time in lecturing.

Ouida has always lavished money upon her clothes. Worth, Pingat—all the famous French *couturiers*—have had the honor of dressing this gifted person. She has a passion for draping her heroines in the most sumptuous millinery, which she draws largely from her own wardrobe, and not from her imagination. Years ago a newspaper correspondent described her as the only well dressed Englishwoman he had ever seen, "though she somewhat mars the effect of her elegant costumes by letting her long, tawny hair flow loose over her shoulders." She loves furs and laces. She especially prizes a magnificent set of sables, finer than any other owned outside of Russia—the gift of a wealthy Muscovite admirer. Next in her affections comes a unique collection of old laces, purchased at odd times whenever she had the opportunity, and opportunity is not lacking in a land of impoverished nobility. Luscious that her well draped feet and hands and her mass of hair are her only beauties, she has always taken great care of them. Shoes she has in abundance and in every variety of style, all made with nice artistic eye toward the proper display of her slimly arched instep. Gloves, too, are made to order and fit exquisitely. Her hair is cared for by a maid who daily spends hours in brushing, washing, and arranging it. On her hair and on her eyebrows she uses scent that is said to cost thirty dollars an ounce.

Ontario Society of Artists.

SECOND NOTICE.

HERE are forty or more pictures in the main room which were not criticized in the first notice. In No. 161, Mr. Carl Ahrens makes, for him, a new departure. It is a good sea scape and shows the excellence of technique which the artist is attaining. In No. 165, a Day in Spring, by the same artist, the atmosphere is well handled. No. 170, a bit of Beach, is a pretty picture and in No. 197, Spring Evening, Mr. Ahrens has executed one of his well known poetic pictures, but on a smaller scale than usual. Nos. 162, 169 and 183 are three more seascapes by Mr. Forbes and are better than most of his other work. No. 162, Ocean Waves, is his best. No. 169, A Hazy Morning, is well painted, but the atmosphere is too lucid for the title. No. 164, Night, by G. A. Reid, is painted with his well known ability, but the distance is somewhat too distinct. No. 181, Autumn Evening, by the same artist, is a fine picture. Its chief fault is that it is misnamed. It conveys the idea of a cloudy autumn day when the gardener is burning up the old leaves. Mr. Challener has also several pictures hung on this north wall. No. 167, Sunshine and Shadow, and 171, Studies of a Little Girl, are fairly good. No. 172, Waiting for a Bite, is a pretty little picture. No. 176, At Three Score and Ten, is diminutive but well painted. No. 179, Meadow, is not very good. Mrs. Reid has two pictures, No. 173, Roses, well painted, and No. 174, A Village Street, a splendid picture. Mrs. M. E. Dignam has a pretty little landscape in No. 197, A Scene near Zaaudam, Holland. No. 188, Touched by Frost, is well painted, but its composition would be more suitable for a mantle drape. No. 189, The Portage, by T. M. Martin, is better than most of this artist's efforts, and on the whole is a creditable picture. No. 184, In the Forest, B.C., has all the merits and demerits of a chromo. No. 191, The Wide, Wide World, by Miss L. A. Muntz, is a beautiful and poetic picture. The little girl's flesh is excellently painted and the only fault to be found in it is the bad drawing of the right arm. Nos. 185 and 192, two Pigeon pieces by Mr. Licence, would look appetizing in a restaurant. Mr. Sherwood's portrait of Miss Orchard is fair, and Mr. Cutts has a life-like portrait of Mrs. Heron. Two gems, so to speak, are Nos. 195, Old Grave Yard by Mrs. Henry Martin, and 196, Old Sambo by Mr. Bishen. No. 196 is one of the best pictures on the walls and was spoken of last week. No. 198 is a beautiful little picture, well composed and conveying a poetic idea. No. 199, Left by the Avalanche, by Mr. Matthews, is well painted but has not enough variety of color for so large a picture. Mr. Henry Martin's two rose pieces are bad. In the main room there are also several studies by lady artists. Miss Maude Wilkes' head is poor compared with her smaller piece. Mrs. Sheridan's pansies are pretty, and in No. 168, Old Punchbowl, Miss F. M. Joplin has managed the texture of the glass very well. Miss Jellett's fish are not bad.

We now pass to the north-west room, which is filled chiefly with water colors, and before writing of them it is well to say that very many of our water color artists err in painting scenes which are, though pleasant enough, commonplace. Though we are all more or less lovers of nature and love to be among these scenes, the pleasure we derive is not from the scenes themselves, but from the sense of vastness and liberty from them derived, and which an 8 x 10 inch picture of a pine tree and a blue sky cannot affect. Very many of the water colors in this room are not badly painted, but depict scenes of this class and hardly merit a second thought. There are some very fine water colors here, however, the principal being No. 214, by Mr. Matthews, entitled Looking Down Goat Pass. It is to be sold for the benefit of the building fund and should bring much more than the catalogue price, $150. No. 215, On the Ottertail, by the same artist, is also a fine picture. Mr. G. Brunesch has some eight or nine landscapes, all of fair execution. Mr. J. T. Rolph's half dozen are all pretty pictures. No. 208, Old Mill on the Humber being his best effort. Mr. F. A. Verner can paint a Buffalo well, but the fault of his work is that all his subjects, be they skies or Indians or trees, have the texture of a Buffalo. Several of his pictures are creditable however. No. 206, From West Toronto, by Mr. H. L. Hertzberg, is well painted. No. 211, Get Me Some, by Mr. Matthews, is in many respects a delightful subject. Many of Mr. Matthews' pictures are, however, marred by a roughness of texture. Exclusive of the two fine mountain scenes before referred to; he has several fair pictures. On the Fraser River (B.C.), No. 24, by Mr. Bell-Smith, is a fine picture, its only serious fault being its monotonous body tone. His two other pieces, No. 225, Wharf, Murray Bay and No. 232, On Bow River, Banff, are well painted pictures. No. 231, An Old Road, is also a very fine one. Mr. Manly exhibits a pleasing picture, No. 251, Lismore Castle. Mr. T. Mower Martin's In Rosedale Creek, No. 221, is well painted, and in No. 250, In Macpherson Grove, he shows his well known ability to paint a pine tree. Mr. W. D. Blatchley has a good pair, Nos. 201 and 237, Evening and Daybreak. No. 234, The Straits of Messina, Italy, by T. H. Wilkinson, is good. There are also a score or more of pictures in this room by various artists, which are neither very bad nor very good.

In the north-east room a few good pictures have been hung, and many bad ones. No. 264, Handling the Nets, by W. C. Foster, is well painted, but somewhat too thin in tone for an oil. No. 265, A Family Jewel, by J. W. L. Forster, is a well executed pastel, but is spoiled by its massing of blue No. 266, Stork's Nest, by the same artist, is fair. No. 268, Summer Afternoon, by the same artist, is poor. No. 267, Reverie, a pastel, by G. A. Reid, is a beautiful picture. In No. 269, Evening, by Mrs. Payne, the water might be snow or anything white. No. 270, On the Alert, a dog, by Mrs. Sherwood, does not amount to much. Mr. R. Crockett's pair, Nos. 272 and 273, are fair. No. 279, A Scene on the Scotch Coast, is fair but crude in treatment. The same applies to Mr. Boultbee's portrait, No. 284, which, however, is a clever likeness. Mr. Forbes has a pair of seascapes, Nos. 285 and 298, done in his usual style. Mr. Matthews has several fair landscapes in oils, the best of which is No. 305, Vancouver Island, and a water color, well executed, No. 315, A Wiltshire Pasture. Mr. G. A. Reid has several diminutive but artistic little pictures. No. 337, Morning Mists, a water color, is a well painted picture, the best in the room. Mr. F. A. Verner has three water colors, Nos. 308, 309 and 310, well painted. The balance of the pictures in this room, which complete the exhibition of paintings, although in many instances painstaking, are not exactly suitable for hanging on the walls of the society's rooms.

The sculpture scattered through the rooms is, what there is of it, excellent. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy shows three portrait busts, one of the Hon. Edward Blake, a striking likeness, and two equally fine of E. Thornton Todd and L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A. His smaller bust of Master Galt Kingsmill is also fine and shows Mr. McCarthy's ability to represent the tender flesh of childhood. His half-figure Cupid is an almost too conventional representation of the conventional Cupid. Hamlet is a fine statuette, and Burns and Highland Mary a splendid group. Mr. Thos. Mowbray's bust of Frank Turner is life-like and striking, and his wood carving is good.

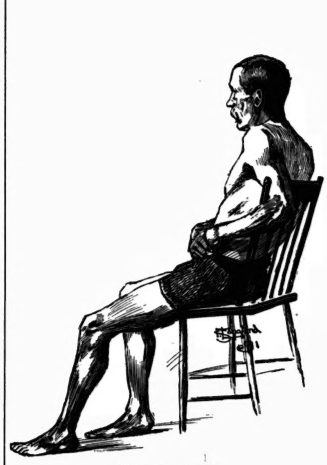
There is also a fine exhibit of architectural sketches and designs. No. 356, an architect's colored drawing of the Confederation Life Buildings, is a masterly piece of coloring by a New York colorist. CHAD.

Sketches from the Recent Exhibition of the Art Students' League.

STUDY—THE LILAC BUSH IN ST. JAMES' CEMETERY—C. W. JEFFREYS.

DESIGN—D. HOLMES.

STUDY—C. M. MANLY.



STUDY—S. F. LANGFORD.

STUDY—MISS SPURR.

An Old Book.

This rare book of the olden day
A dainty charm possesses;
The ink is faint, the leaves are gray,
And "i's" are used for "e's."

The poet sought to win some maid,
He swore he loved her dearly,
"Love's holy faint" she was, he said,
And signed it "Moft fincerely."

And I believe the letters quaint
The honest truth had spoken;
He found, no doubt, love wholly faint
When youth's bright dream was broken.

FLAVEL SCOTT MIXER in *Life*.

The Art Students' League.

The Art Students' League held its annual exhibition recently. As I said last week, this organization is showing its influence in the quality of work exhibited in the larger exhibitions. Misses Adams and Spurr, and Messrs. Manly and Staples, and several other artists who exhibit good work at the Ontario Society's exhibition, are members of the League. The exhibit in the Imperial Bank building was large and of great variety. The anatomy studies or sketches, done in fifteen minutes, were very interesting. Mr. William Bengough's painting in two colors, of the members of the League at work, was also interesting. Oil sketches, water colors, crayon, pen and ink and pencil sketches were scattered over the walls, most of the figure pieces being done from life. A special feature was the exhibit of the N. D. S. L. (not a day without a line) branch. The work here showed to what particular line of work the artist's ability ran. Noticeable here were the imaginative sketches of Mr. C. W. Jeffreys, and the beautiful designs of Mr. Holmes. Good work was also shown by Mr. D. A. McKellar, late of the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT, but now of New York, Mr. Wm. Bengough and others. In the other departments the work of Miss Spurr, Miss Adams, Mr. G. A. Reid, Mr. S. F. Langford, Mr. C. M. Manly, Mr. O. P. Staples and many more of the League's members, and the designs of Mr. A. H. Howard were of noticeable excellence. By courtesy of the League SATURDAY NIGHT is enabled to reproduce five of the sketches exhibited. CHAD.

Man.

For Saturday Night.

Oh! man how weak, how frail thou art,
Should'st thou essay to rule thyself;
Change but the field and how thy might
Finds not a rival, though the sea
Should thunder forth its energy.
Thy only bound and shore is death,
For only there thy powers cease
And only there is quietness.

H. SLOSS.

Whittlings.

Time is the silent barber who mows away man's top hair.

The first man to aim a blow at a giant corporation was David.

"Does position effect sleep?" asked a medical writer. It does not when the man holds the position of night-watchman.

There are no cats in Greenland, but they have a native dog there that can howl a hole into the side of an iceberg, so the natives do not miss the cats.

It is a mournful commentary on human vanity to see the mourners looking back, on turning the corners, to see if the procession is worthy of the corpse.

"He went for a soldier," is the title of a book going through the throes of circulation as a premium. Why he went for a soldier we cannot say, but if he was an Indian, no doubt he was perfectly safe in going for a soldier.

The bridal veil originated in the custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held over the bride and groom, to conceal the blushes of the latter. At the marriage of a widow it was dispensed with.

Like Missis Like Maid.

Mrs. Yerger—Matilda, you and Mrs. Peterby's servants are always talking together. What do you find to talk about?

Matilda Snowball—We was just amusin' ourselves, just de same as you and Mrs. Peterby does, except dat you talk about de servants and we talked about our employers. Heah! heah!

THAT BABY.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Mignon's Secret," "A Little Fool," "Beautiful Jim," "The Other Man's Wife," &c., &c.

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JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

I hardly know how it came about that William Lorrimor and Olly Green got married. They were not in the least degree suited to one another, and everybody in Olly Green's circle of acquaintance had expected her any time during the last six years—since she came good of the very ill-regulated school-room at Thorpe Vicarage, that is—to distinguish herself by running away with the most penniless of the idlest subalterns that the nearest garrison town could boast of.

There were five young ladies at Thorpe Vicarage, five trim queens—Violet, Heliotrope, Olive, Rose, and Daisy. The vicar's wife was a fanciful woman who bore herself the soft and musical name of Mary, which she detested. In her youth she had been called Polly, and when she married and made a fresh start, so to speak, she made a great effort that Edward Green should call her Mary, and determined that whatever else they might lack her children should start their lives with names which would not be a perpetual humiliation and annoyance to them.

So the first one was called Violet—well, because it had always been a favorite name of Mrs. Green's and she fancied it would go well with any name she might be called upon to bear hereafter. And when the second little daughter came Mrs. Green insisted on her being called Heliotrope. In vain did her husband and everyone else protest that it was a preposterous and unheard-of name for a girl to carry through life. Mrs. Green would listen to none of them. "It is a lovely name for a lovely flower," she said, and Heliotrope the child was therefore christened.

Nobody raised any objection to Olive, when yet a third babe was born at Thorpe Vicarage: nobody objected to the name of Olive any more than afterwards to Rose or Daisy.

Yet when years had gone by and Olive had been persistently shortened to Olly, there arose a little joke about "Olive-Green," which stuck to the girl until she had changed the name of Green for that of Lorrimor, and had become the mistress of Winningston Hall.

All the girls at Thorpe Vicarage had married pretty well, indeed I may say very well. Violet became the wife of a man in the Indian Civil before she was twenty, and was now a very important person in the far-off Indian station, where she was the *prima donna*, leading lady, tennis champion, and also at the head of all manner of coquetry. Heliotrope was married to a great London doctor and had a house in Harley street, quite a mansion, where crowds came and went and were quoted in the society papers as "all London." It was not quite the brilliant alliance for which Mrs. Green had wished, of which she had dreamed. She had hoped to see Heliotrope a duchess but dukes are scarce, and none of the available gentlemen of rarity had happened to pass their way; and, after all, Heliotrope Messant had a very fine time as the wife of the great medical specialist, and did not envy any one.

Then came Olive's turn to be the eldest of the vicarage girls; and Olive had a very good time likewise. The Greens were not actually poor, though a more ill-regulated household than theirs you could well find. And as each daughter was married they became as it were better off, and between the modest gaieties of the Thorpe neighborhood and the mild dissipations of a season in Harley street, Olive's chances of settling well were very good. Yet Olive seemed in no hurry—six years went by, six seasons one after another spent in town, but Olly Green remained Olly Green, although Rose had married a naval officer and had twins, and Daisy had been engaged nearly a year.

Then all of a sudden Thorpe village, aye and every other village for ten miles around, was convulsed by the news that she was going to be married immediately to William Lorrimor of Winningston Hall.

Some people said that William Lorrimor must have taken leave of his senses, others that Olly Green had an eye to settlement, and was tired of looking for a grander match in London, but all—all agreed that a more utterly unsuitable couple than they had never proposed being linked together in bonds of holy matrimony.

However, excepting in the case of relations, it is not practicable for people to tell a bride or groom in prospective exactly what is thought of them, so nobody told William Lorrimor that Olly Green was a frivolous little flirt, who was only marrying him for the sake of Winningston Hall; and even Olly's relations did not find a word to say against the match, although it is true they did say among themselves that it was perfectly wonderful that a serious man like William Lorrimor should have taken a fancy to Olly, and wondered how they would get on together.

"I suppose Olly will become serious now, and dignified and all that," said a girl who had tried seriousness and dignity and all that for a long time without any effect on the master of Winningston.

But Olly did nothing of the kind. She remained exactly the same Olly that she had always been, and except that she now rode a beautiful thoroughbred out of the squire's stables instead of the steady old cob that had carried her before, and wore half-a-dozen beautiful rings on her left hand, there was no difference in her at all.

The engagement was made early in August, and as long as the weather held up Olly continued to wield her tennis racquet with as much skill, and just as often, as she had done the previous summer and autumn. "I can't understand it," murmured the serious young lady, who did not play tennis because it wasted so much time—"such mate to make a partner playing everywhere when Mr. Lorrimor never does it. I wonder he stands it as he does."

William Lorrimor, however, seemed to stand it fairly well, that is to say, he stood by complacently and looked on proudly, while his bright-hearted *fiancee*, to use an American expression, "licked creation"—and he went to much expense and trouble to lay out a couple of courts at Winningston, one in grass and the other in asphalt, so that his beloved might amuse herself as well in winter as in the summer months.

And when a neighboring squire gave a ball in celebration of his son's coming of age, he seemed equally well pleased that she should dance until the small hours of the morning, although he had never danced a step in his life.

"Come and try a turn with me, Willy," Olly cried, coming up to him, with her eyes all alight with excitement, and her cheeks flushed crimson with the exertion of a long spell of waltzing.

"I!" he answered. "I should only tear your dress and tread on your toes. No, no; go and enjoy yourself, dear. I am happier looking on.

"Ah, well; you can't say I did not ask you," with a gay laugh. "If you have another turn, Captain Hamilton—it's a pity to waste it."

So off they went, and William Lorrimor settled quietly down again to a grave and serious discussion with the young lady who had devoted herself to all his favorite pursuits for the past ten years. She, poor girl, had a fierce pain at her heart.

"He is happier here, but he is going to marry her," she said to herself—and then she told herself that he would be miserable, and she rejoiced wretchedly over the prospect.

And in due time William Lorrimor and Olly Green were made man and wife. The wedding was a very smart affair. Olly received a great many presents—including about a dozen tennis-racquets—and they went off to a friend's country house for a fortnight, where Olly was bored to death, and for the first time in her life realized what home sickness was.

However, a dull fortnight comes to an end in time, and the Lorrimors went to London for a few days on their way to the Continent. There Olly enjoyed herself amazingly—she knew a good many people, had more money to spend than she had ever had in all her life before, and her husband was interested in a new chemical manure, and was too much occupied to go about with her. True, he suggested on the second morning of their stay in town, that she should go with him to Islington to see a new steam-plough, but Olly had promptly refused to do what she called waste her time in that way and Lorrimor had almost as contentedly gone without her.

Then they went abroad, but their continental trip was a dismal failure. It was just the time of year to be dull and rather dreary, and as soon as they had left Paris behind them Olly began to understand what an unmitigated bore old worth may be and generally is. From one town to another they went, steadily making a business of sight-seeing, missing not a church or gallery until Olly positively pined for the pleasure of standing idly admiring the contents of shop windows.

"But what's the good of looking at such rubbish as that?" Lorrimor cried one day when they were in Florence. "If you want to buy it, buy it, but why waste time looking at things that are neither useful nor ornamental?

"But I like to look at them," Olly protested, almost in tears.

"Well, then, come and let us flatten our noses against the windows and look your fill, he answered.

But somehow her pleasure for that morning was over. There is no pleasure in doing anything in company with a person who thinks you are a fool for doing it. Olly, after ten minutes, said that she was tired and would like to go home and rest.

"I don't wonder," answered Lorrimor, without the smallest idea of being beautiful to her. "But wouldn't you like to have a look at that Raphael we saw yesterday?

"No, I should like to go home," she sharply. "You can go—I'll take a carriage and go home."

Somehow it never occurred to Lorrimor that he ought to go back with her. She had suggested going alone, and he wanted to go and see the Raphael again. So he called up a cab, told her what the fare would be, took her by the hat, and let her go. And Olly went back and cried until she had a furious headache. Lorrimor, on the contrary, stayed about hour looking at pictures, and enjoyed himself amazingly. Then when he returned to find his wife ill and a little hysterical it never occurred to him that it was all his fault.

"But you didn't say you felt ill," he expostulated. "Why did you let me go off like that? The pictures would have done any time."

"If you couldn't come without telling," Olly began, at which Lorrimor looked up in wild surprise.

"My dear child," he said, simply, "you have a tongue, surely it would have been as easy to tell me as to think I was going to leave you, to reproach me now for not doing so. I'm afraid, Olly," he went on, "that you and I are not likely to have much chance of happiness if we begin quarrelling about nothing so soon as this. I'm awfully sorry I didn't understand you, but at the same time, my darling, I am a dull sort of man, and you cannot make anything else of me."

"I should have thought you would rather have gone with me," said Olly, weakly.

"So I would, only you seemed so ill—at least —oh! hang it all. Olly, you know there's nothing on God's earth I would not do for you if I could. I would lay down this minute and let you kick me—trample on me if you liked—but don't, for Heaven's sake, don't expect me to be strung on wires like a chap in a play, for I shall never be able to act up to it—I sha'n't indeed."

At this point Olly began to cry miserably.

"Willy," she sobbed, "are we obliged to keep on this horrid tour? I do hate it so—the horrid, uncomfortable hotels, the horrid tourists, the cooking, the everything. I hate it all. I shall hate you next, I know I shall; and I don't want to do that, Willy, I don't indeed."

"Then let us go home," said Lorrimor, promptly. "I'm sure we have been away long enough to satisfy anybody."

So they went home, staying only a day in Paris and three days in London. Then they went down to Thorpe, where there were great rejoicings in their honor—a gaily decorated station, a crowd of villagers to meet them and to unharness the horses and draw their carriage in triumph to Winningston Hall. Then there was a tenants' dinner, a villagers' dance, a tea for the young people, and a sort of "at home" for the better sort of people.

AT THIS POINT OLLY BEGAN TO CRY MISERABLY.

This all took about a week, during which Olly was very busy, very important, and very happy. She had forgotten that dreadful time at Florence, and settled down to her new position with the greatest satisfaction and interest. And gradually they began to drift apart. It was imperceptible at first. Indeed the very first little rift came about through Lorrimor's delicate consideration for his wife.

"Come out to the front door, Olly," he said. "I've got something to show you."

And Olly went out to find a smart village cart and a clever little cob pony, held by a neat young groom in top boots.

"I though you'd like something of the kind independent of the stables," said Lorrimor, when Olly had sufficiently admired her new acquisition. "You'll often be wanting to be out and about in something less formal than the landau and a bit safer than a dogcart."

"It's lovely and sweet of you, Willy," Olly cried rapturously. "Let me drive you down to the vicarage in it."

Lorrimor looked at his watch. "I can't go this morning, darling. I've promised to meet Binks at eleven at the Red House."

Binks was the bailiff and lived in a small farm house on the estate.

"But you go," Lorrimor went on, not liking to spoil her pleasure. "They'll be glad to have a sight of you without me for once. By the by, I have to ride over to Spofforth with Binks. I shall not be in to lunch."

"Very well."

Olly turned back into the house without a word, except to tell the groom to wait for her. She saw from her bedroom window that her husband was already off to meet the bailiff, was indeed already riding down the avenue, and she found herself wondering bitterly whether she had not made a mistake in marrying him after all.

"If he only cared a little more," she cried to herself. "I knew he didn't take interest in tennis or dancing, or anything of that sort—but—but I thought he would always be interested in me."

The pony and cart were equally matched, but Olly took very little pleasure in them. She got in and drove down to the vicarage, where they made an immense fuss over her and admired the pony and then the cart, and then touched on the squire's delightful generosity.

"By the by, where is Lorrimor?" the vicar asked.

"The squire—oh, he has gone somewhere with the bailiff," Olly answered with an admirable assumption of carelessness.

"Oh, well, it's a treat to have you by yourself for a while," said her mother, who was just as sentimental as when she had chosen the name of Heliotrope for her second baby. "I suppose Will will expect you home to lunch, or will he call for you?

"He is riding this morning," Olly answered, not liking to admit that he had gone off for the day. "I must go home to lunch, mother dear."

Well, after this they drifted farther and farther away from one another. Not intentionally on Lorrimor's part. Oh no. He still thought Olly the sweetest, dearest, loveliest woman in the world, but he had wasted a good deal of time over his courtship, and being a very good landlord and farmer with an unusually high sense of the duties accompanying great wealth, he wanted to make up for lost time and to keep everything on his property in the most perfect and apple-pie order.

And Olly—well, Olly was pretty miserable about this time. She had got an idea into her head that her husband was indifferent as to her going out and her comings in. Whenever she consulted him about invitations, entertainments, and the expenditure immediately connected with herself, his answer was invariably the same. "Accept, if you wish, of course"—or "Ask anyone you please; satisfy yourself, and you'll satisfy me"—and "My dear child, pray don't ask me if you may buy a new frock or a new kettle. You have your allowance and your pin-money. If they are not enough for you let me know, and we'll see what can be done; but don't ask me to decide the details of either."

So, gradually, Olly got thrown more and more upon her own resources, and as time went on her resources, too, became limited, and therefore she was driven more and more to her thoughts for company. Tennis became an impossibility for her, and the prospect of an heir to the old place, while very delightful in one way, affected her spirits and her general health. She could not ride, and she hated going to the vicarage, because her sentimental mother always insisted that the squire was nervous and anxious about her being out alone, whereas Olly knew that he was nothing of the sort and did not care what she did or where she went. As a matter of fact the squire at this time was both anxious and nervous about her, but Olly had wrapped herself in such an impenetrable mantle of reserve and coldness that he was afraid to irritate or upset her by being too solicitous for her comfort and welfare. He let her come and go therefore as she would, and poor Olly came and went wretchedly and dejectedly, fancying that—well, that Lorrimor had simply ceased to love her.

"YOU WON'T EXCITE HER!" THE DOCTOR WHISPERED WARNINGLY

"If I had only got up about chemical manures and ensilage," she said to herself one day, after a visit from the serious young lady who would so dearly have loved to be mistress of Winningston. "Edith Muir knows all about those things and everything else that Willy takes interest in—while I—I only cared for tennis and amusing myself. How interested Willy was in what she was saying about her father's short-horns. If only I could talk like that! Indeed, I can't think why Willy didn't marry her instead of me."

Poor child—yes, she was a child yet, though she was turned five and twenty—if only she had known that Lorrimor was thinking, was smiling broadly to himself at the remembrance of Miss Edith's amazing display of knowledge. "Thank goodness, Olly doesn't pretend to know anything about theoretical farming."

True, Olly did not know anything about any kind of farming; but then neither did she know anything of the real state of Lorrimor's mind, any more than Lorrimor knew of the state of hers. So for a little while longer they went blindly on, awaiting the advent of the baby! Somehow, although neither had a word to say about it, both Olly and Lorrimor had a dim idea that that baby would make a difference and set everything right.

"If it is only a boy," sighed Olly to herself, "an heir, then Willy can't be sorry he married me."

"If only it lives and all goes well, said Lorrimor to himself when he had found his wife more unapproachable than ever, "it will give her something to care for and think about, and, and—oh! hang it all! poor little woman, she's had an awfully rough time, take it all round."

And when at last the baby came—it was a girl!

Olly was in despair. "I thought—I made sure that it would be a boy," she sobbed passionately to the old doctor a few hours after the baby was born. "I knew a boy would set everything right. And now—now—it's only a girl and what will Willy care about a girl? He might have cared for a boy—and then a strong hand gently pulled the doctor out of the way and pointed to the door.

"You won't excite her," the doctor whispered warningly.

"Excite her. No," in a vigorous whisper back. "I worship every hair of her head and the very ground she walks on. Olly, my darling," he went on in a lower tone as he bent over his wife's little pale and anxious face. "What was that nonsense I heard you talking just now? What is it that needs putting right between us two? Not that baby surely?"

But Olly, now that she had come face to face with an explanation, was not very willing to take advantage of her shortcoming. "I—well—I——" she began, confusedly.

"Well?" said he.

"I began to think you didn't care for me," she whispered.

"What!" he cried.

"At least that I bored you——" confusedly.

"Hey!" with a comical look of bewilderment.

"That is——"

"Olly," he said, as she paused, "you didn't get to think that you didn't care for me? Did you?

"Oh, Willy!"

"Then that's all right; and you thought I had set my heart on a boy, and wouldn't even look at a girl. Was that it?"

"I don't know," then she burst out. "I seemed so useless—so—so—as if I didn't know anything about the things you take interest in, and whenever Edith Muir came, she always seemed to know all about it, and to interest you—and—and——"

"And I was chuckling over her mistakes all the time," Lorrimor laughed. "And there is nurse. Nurse, I should like to know when I'm to be honored with a glimpse of that baby."

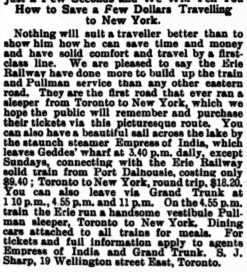
THE END.

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was tired and confused upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

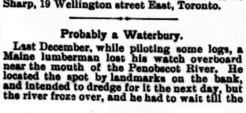
Fickle Minded.



Merchant (as the electric lights go out)—Confound the cussed, pesky, snappin' little lights! I'd like to lay my hands on the man that invented 'em, just once!

Merchant's wife—Business—Would you take the life of Thomas A. Edison?

Merchant—Yes, I would; the way I feel now—



—(as the lights blaze out again)—Get out o' here! I don't want any of your d— books.

Just a Few Seconds and We Will Tell You How to Save a Few Dollars Travelling to New York.

Nothing will suit a traveller better than to show him how he can save time and money and have solid comfort and travel by a first-class line. We are pleased to say the Erie Railway have done more to build up the train and Pullman service than any other eastern road. They are the first road that ever ran a sleeper from Toronto to New York, which we hope the public will remember and purchase their tickets via this picturesque route. You can also have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Port Dalhousie, costing only $9.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, $18.20. You can also save via Grand Trunk at 1 10 p.m., 4.55 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4.55 p.m. train the Erie run a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For tickets and full information apply to agents Empress of India and Grand Trunk, S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

Probably a Waterbury.

Last December, while piloting some logs, a Maine lumberman lost his watch overboard near the mouth of the Penobscot River. He located the spot by landmarks on the bank, and intended to dredge for it the next day, but the river froze over, and he had to wait till the ice broke up. He was so fortunate as to find the watch when he dredged for it last week. When brought to the surface it was still ticking and only a few minutes behind time. The owner explains this somewhat startling fact by stating that the watch lay on the bed of the river in such a position that the ebb and flow of the tide has wound it up every day. We remember reading in our geography that the tides down East were very remarkable: now we know it.—*Life.*

In Summer

When days are hot and oppressive, or at any season, a wash that takes a whole forenoon can be done in a couple of hours if you will use SURPRISE SOAP and follow the directions on the wrapper. The clothes will smell sweeter and look nicer on the line than when washed in other ways and (AS THERE IS POSITIVELY NO NEED OF SCALDING OR BOILING) there is no heavy wash boiler to lift about, no disagreeable smell in the house, no steam to spoil the wall paper or furniture, and the saving in fuel alone pays for the Soap.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

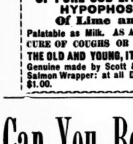
The St. Croix Soap Man'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

"Why did your friend Bronson tire so quickly of art?"

"He said his palette couldn't supply his palate!"

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH 30 YEARS IN USE



Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of

PURE SUGAR SYRUP

not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

Prone on the Earth.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

"If only I could get a little bit warm I wouldn't mind this brutally hollow feeling in my insides," he was saying. "Yes, I'm jolly cold, and confound it I'm edging round to fearful hunger. Thank God, I'm not thirsty. I suppose if I were lost in a desert now I'd be dying from sunstroke and thirst, so this isn't so bad, is it? Yes, thank God, I'm not thirsty."

No one answered him.

"I wish I wasn't so tired and so devilish sleepy—it scares me to feel sleepy. Billy Kennedy used to say when she was a mounted policeman that sleepiness was the last stage—the very last stage. D'you think it's so?"

He turned on his side, his brows puckering a little with impatience, and listened for his companion's reply. Then he laughed, a crazy little laugh, and snuggled up again into a bunch with his cheek on the horse's throat.

There was a mimic warmth yet in the animal, but not so much as in the man. The poor beast had had sixteen hours of the mastery of his master. The man had appropriated for his individual sufferings the inadequate dribblings from a small flask.

The horse lay quite still, its big brown neck pulsing once in a long while, when the blood, slowly thickening to ice, pounded through its sluggish heart. The man lay still, too, talking in fragmentary sentences that always terminated with a question.

At last he raised himself on his elbows, and looked into the west, across the uneven regularity of his horse's ribs.

Plains, plains, everywhere, crossed by an unmeaning infinity of telegraph poles. The sun would set within a half hour, and the sky up around it was growing yellowy, with a flash or two of tinnish pink. Away off to the left an evil-looking smoke-colored cloud was bunching itself together. Westward, miles and miles away, the foot-hills bubbled up along the horizon. That was all he saw.

"The smoke-colored cloud means more snow," said the man at length; "I rise—it was odd, that pleasant sensation in his knees; below them there was no sensation at all, and he stumbled over the horse's hoofs into a stiff little heap at the animal's neck again.

"Yes, Dobbin, we're mighty cold, you and I, aren't we, old man? Let's try our schoolboy trick." He put his fingers in his mouth, and presently they pained him with a thin sort of agony—so intensely severe that he laughed. How soft and fleecy the snow was beginning to feel, just like warm summer grass; it was grass he was sure of it and it was a warm, still day, and he was saying, "Oh, this is luck to find you here, Milly. I'm just on my way over to see you; however did you muster the energy to face this blazing sun?" It was such a hot, hot day, but the girl looked beautifully cool, lolling there with her book, surrounded by timothy and under the shade of a rosy-colored parasol.

"How villainously hot your Canadian Augusts are, anyway. I'm nearly broiled," he continued, flopping on to the grass beside her.

"Poor old fellow," she laughed, "but you needn't growl about it; it's far cooler than it was this morning."

"Nevertheless, you were out this morning!"

"Yes."

"Driving!"

"Yes"—doggedly.

"With Connelly!"

"Yes, with Mr. Connelly." The tone was lower and tinged with defiance.

He bit his under lip thoughtfully.

"Milly"—taking both her hands—"have I never asked you, dear, not to drive with Connelly?"

"Yes—but—"

"Ah! I know; it's the same old excuse. Don't say it, Milly, its so—so—hackneyed."

"I will say it, Ned. You've never taken me out once, and you know how I like driving. Am I to miss all my pleasure simply because I'm engaged to you? It's absurd."

"I never asked you not to drive with the other fellows; it's Connelly I object to."

"Yes, and its Mr. Connelly who has the nicest horse and trap in town, and who asks me the oftenest. There's no use denying it, Ned, you're ridiculously, ungenerously jealous."

He was keeping his temper well.

"If, dear, I had not been hoarding up every penny so as to get for us the nicest place of the nicest part of the town, you know well enough I'd drive you every day; but I'm—I'm—poor, and can't do everything."

"Oh! I know," she said fretfully, "and at all events, until our engagement is announced—but there! I won't quarrel with you any more; to please you I'll stay in, stay in, stay in until——"

"Milly," he interrupted, "you are not acting the truth. Jackson told me this morning he intended driving you over to the Park, but I know as well as if I'd heard you that you shipped him on the chances of going with Connelly—it isn't Connelly's horse and trap at all—it's the man."

It was not a flush of anger that swept into her cheeks.

"It's has gone on long enough, Mill," he continued.

"Is that a threat?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't like giving reasons, particularly when they involve people; but I'll tell you once for all, I'd have taken you out driving often this summer had my own money been in my own pocket. I've been fool enough to play cards with Connelly—do you understand?"

"Ah!"—ironically—"birds of a feather. I see no difference between man and man at a gaming table."

"But I tell you he's a blackguard. There's not a fellow in town who'll sit down to a table with him now. The man cheats, and, moreover lives by it."

Her eyebrows arched coolly.

"I would not, were I in your place, excuse my idiotic jealousy by defaming a man's character."

There was a heavy silence, he poked the toe of his boot with his walking-stick, and listened intently when a gay locust got up cracking its wings loudly in the down-pouring sunshine. The sound was a relief. He spoke then.

"I came to tell you that I am obliged to leave with Jackson for the North-West to-night; it is a matter of business that may mean the fortunes of all my fortunes. I will be home for Christmas"—his voice jarred on his own ears.

"Don't trouble to get back on my account, it is bothersome to be tied down to one. You might just as well stay the winter there."

She would not kiss him when he asked her, but after he had gone she threw herself on her lounge on the grass, her heart bleeding with anger and a soul-sickness she could not name. She never knew that he looked back when he reached the little rise in the yellow wagon road—looked, with a heartache that spoke in his eyes, at the reclining white-clad figure. The sunlight filtering through the pinky parasol cast a flush over her face—he never knew that in reality her cheeks were deadly pale, her eyes scared and strained, or that all through the long night that followed, she was saying with lips buried in her pillow—"Ned, Ned, come back to me dear, I want you; Oh! God, I want you."

Late one December night he had said:

"Jackson, you're a good soul, lend me your horse, there's a trump! I've got to go over to Edmonton, and I'll only be away a week or ten days. I won't bother you with favors again for a long while; I'm going back to England when I return."

"All right, old man," said Jackson, "you'll have a devil of a trip though, I'm afraid. Try and catch the dog trains."

Jackson's hand-clasp was so thoroughly kind and hearty, his voice so rich with good fellowship—so musical—so almost flute-like, no wonder he could sing so beautifully. Is that he singing now? No, it is only the wind getting up and swashing through the telegraph wires.

The smoke-colored cloud had come and the snow was falling softly, whirling now and again in little circles about Dobbin's ears. The man turned his head ever so slightly, bringing his cheek to rest flatly on the animal's throat—it was ice to ice. The horse was quite cold now.

"And how long will you be away in Canada, Neddy?" a pretty child was saying.

"Oh! about two years, little sister," he answered.

"Let oh! Neddy, will you bring me back a pretty pair of Indian moccasins all worked at the toes and lined with fur like those cousin Louise has?"

"Yes, pussy-wussy, I'll bring you the moccasins." She was tugging away at his big hands, her cheek rubbing up and down his coat sleeve, her yellow hair falling all over his wrists.

"And, Neddy, you'll wear the purple mittens grandma showed me how to make, won't you? Wear 'em all the time, won't you?"

"Oh! yes, I'll wear 'em, even with my dress clothes."

Some one laughed then, a rippling, dulcet laugh. No, it was not laughter either, it was only the wind again in the telegraph wires.

"What's that?" said Larcque, pointing to a lumpy-looking, white mound, about fifty yards distant. His brother looked across the snow, and a Metis woman left her breakfast, came to the tepee door and looked also.

"Don't know"—this in bad Patios. "Was there last night when we pitched!"

Larcque shook his head.

"It was snowing too hard to see."

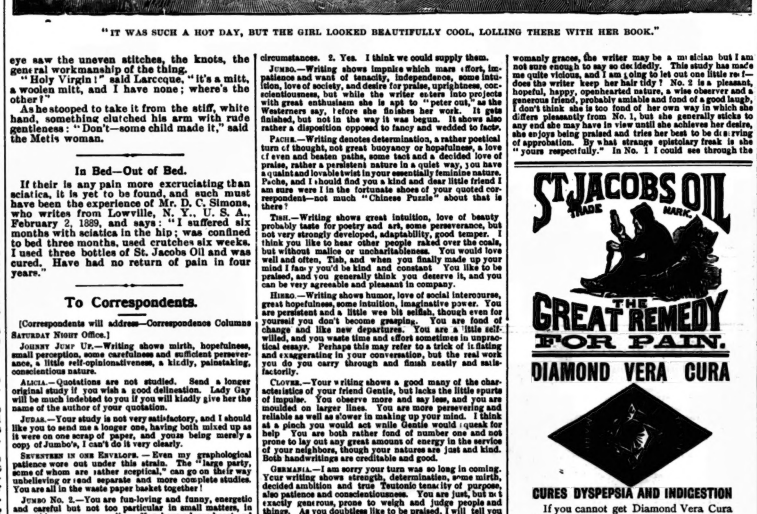
"It's a dead horse," said the Metis woman in Sioux.

Larcque took a snowshoe in his hand. The train dogs started up and watched him. The Metis woman tramped at his heels. One scoop of the snowshoe, a little gust of wind whirled the flowy stuff aside, and they bent down to look closely. It was a good face that lay on the rough brown throat of the horse. A good face—young, fair, with a line of pathos somewhere near the frozen lips.

She had picked up a purple woolen thing and was brushing the snow from it. Her quick eye saw the uneven stitches, the knots, the general workmanship of the thing.

"Holy Virgin!" said Larcque, "it's a mitt, a woolen mitt, and I have none; where's the other!"

He stooped to take it from the stiff, white hand, something clutched his arm with rude gentleness: "Don't—some child made it," said the Metis woman.



"IT WAS SUCH A HOT DAY, BUT THE GIRL LOOKED BEAUTIFULLY COOL, LOLLING THERE WITH HER BOOK."

In Bed—Out of Bed.

If there is any pain more excruciating than sciatica, it is yet to be found, and such must have been the experience of Mr. D. C. Simons, who writes from Lowville, N. Y., U. S. A., February 2, 1889, and says: "I suffered six months with sciatica in the hip; was confined to bed three months, used crutches six weeks. I used three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. Have had no return of pain in four years."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Johnny Jump Up.—Writing shows mirth, hopefulness, small perception, some carefulness and sufficient perseverance, a little self-opinionativeness, a kindly, painstaking, conscientious nature.

Alicia.—Quotations are not studied. Send a longer original study if you wish a good delineation. Lady Gay will be much indebted to you if you will kindly give her the name of the author of your quotation.

Judas.—Your stamp is not very satisfactory, and I should like you to send me a longer one, having both mixed up as it were on one scrap of paper, and yours being merely a copy of Junibo's, I can't do it very clearly.

Seventeen in one Envelope.—Even my graphological patience were out under this strain. The "large party, some of whom are rather sceptical," can go on their way unbelieving or read separate and more complete studies. You are all in the waste paper basket together!

Junbo No. 2.—You are fun-loving and funny, energetic and careful but not too particular in small matters, in some things you are peculiar. You have a large heart and are fond of a good time, and you prefer comfort to style any day. I don't think you'd quarrel to get your own way.

Miss Faith.—Your writing has been studied. Your inquiries, if I remember aright, referred to Edna Lyall and H. M. Stanley. Can you not recall them? How would "Jet," "Scout" or "Scamper" do? Selfishness had been very evident in your chirography you'd have heard of it.

Enquirer.—Writing shows great identity and perception, reliability, constancy, perseverance, strong proportion and good sense, a little tendency to unnecessary force of language, and some wasted effort, a disposition to look at things on the bright side, you are large hearted and kind. 1. 8600. 2. No. 1. Yes.

Gentle.—I hope your mumps are well by this time. Your writing shows a good deal of pretty taffies, a happy nature, open and frank, prone to little sudden impulses and pretty ways, but just a trifle exacting and capricious. You are kindly and generous and sometimes given to flattery. You love to talk and laugh.

J. J. C.—Quotations are not studied. From the few words accompanying your quotation I can glean nothing, and think your hand is too unformed to give you a satisfactory study. It shows kindness, generosity, candor, some perception, but is too strained and unnatural as yet. It has, however, the material for good things.

Helen Beatrice.—Writing shows good nature, a little self-esteem, not much love of order or perseverance, a touch of melancholy, probably an affable manner and a gentle and kindly heart. I think you love music, and can put your foot down firmly when necessary and when you want your way you get it. You did not give me much of a study, Helen B.

Innocence.—1. Prize d. 2. No; but it places the baby at a disadvantage. 3. I don't think you would make a good nurse—first, because your writing shows lack of care and sympathy, and also want of tact and determination; but it is unformed, and I fancy you are not very old yet. You only give me one capital letter, and that is I, in a whole page—not very good to me, Innocence.

Dafydil.—Writing shows some love of art and good taste, generosity, deliberation, degenerating into indecision, don't allow circumstances and people to influence you because you are quite capable of judging for yourself, character is truthful, not given to sudden impulse. I don't think you are much of a chatterer, but rather exemplify the proverb that still waters run deep.

Cockney.—Writing shows great character and self-reliance, some talent, not much love of work or persistent effort, but much pride and satisfaction in success, a little self-esteem, a touch of willfulness, a very feminine character, with a firm temper in matters that really matter to her. If I were a prisoner and you were a judge I should be very doubtful of an acquittal, for you would be hard on a culprit.

Cleopatra.—Writing shows some identity and perception, a love of things beautiful, cross-grained, considerable of life's good things. It also shows lack of judgment and with good perseverance, want of decision and energetic impulse. I believe you're a little given to dreaming, my fair empress, and your vision isn't as clear as would be good for you. You aren't hard-tempered, but you are like undersdone bread—a little heavy.

No. 2.—Writing shows caprice, lack of proportion, a rather matter-of-fact disposition with a large sense of self-importance. The writer is not very generous nor amiable, though she is sensitive to the blame or praise of her friends. She is rather self-opinionated and a little prone to sit in judgment on her neighbors, has perhaps a liking for sharp speech but is not a bit malicious. It isn't the most satisfactory of studies.

Beaver.—Writing shows strength, energy, but not that judgment which always hits the nail on the head, a lack of persistence and a tendency to over-estimation in plans and calculations that is misleading to yourself and others. Not very buoyant but sufficiently determined. Some tact and decided good temper, even when you do get angry it is in earnest. Your writing has its faults, but is, like yourself, well worth studying. Will you succeed?

Incubot.—Writing shows some strength, but not infallible judgment, a want of decision and some proneness to take the end in a crooked way, not a great deal of strength nor faculty for organization, some quiet persistency if not giving you too much trouble. You are, I think, one of those people whom it is hard to corner and unasie to count up on as just what one expects. You have a good deal of versatility and a genius for smoothing over rough corners.

Simplicity, Owen Sound.—Writing shows some candour, generosity, a tendency to unsustained effort. You are pleasant and compressible, good temper and careless reliability, you have not enough perseverance, determination or energy to fit you for a very trying calling, but your many eliminating traits will always deserve consideration. I could not possibly suggest anything unless I know your circumstances. 2. Yes. I think we could supply them.

Junbo.—Writing shows impatience which mars your patience and want of tenacity, independence, some intuition, love of society, and desire for praise, uprightness, conscientiousness, but while the writer seems to undertake with great enthusiasm she is apt to "peter out," as the Westerners say, before she finishes her work. It gets finished, but not in the way it was begun. It shows also rather a disposition opposed to fancy and wedded to facts.

Pacer.—Writing denotes determination, a rather positive turn of thought, not great buoyancy or hopefulness, a love of even and beaten paths, some tact and a decided love of praise, rather a persistent nature in a quiet way, you have a quaint and lovable twist in your essentially feminine nature. Pacer, and I should find you a kind and dear little friend I am sure were I in the fortunate shoes of your quoted correspondent—not much "Chinese Puzzle" about that is there?

Tess.—Writing shows great intuition, love of beauty probably taste for poetry and art, some perseverance, but not very strongly developed, adaptability, good temper. I think you like to hear other people raked over the coals, but without malice or uncharitableness. You would love well and often, Tess, and when you finally made up your mind I fancy you'd be kind and constant. You like to be praised, and you generally think you deserve it, and you can be very agreeable and pleasant in company.

Hebro.—Writing shows humor, love of social intercourse, great hopefulness, some intuition, imaginative power. You are persistent and a little wee bit selfish, though even for yourself you don't become grasping. You are fond of change and like new departures. You are a little self-willed, and you waste time and effort sometimes in unpractical essays. Perhaps this may refer to a trick of it fisting and exaggerating in your conversation, but the real work you do you carry through and finish neatly and satisfactorily.

Clover.—Your writing shows a good many of the characteristics of your friend Gentle, but lacks the little spurts of impulse. You observe more and say less, and you are moulded on larger lines. You are more persevering and reliable as well as slower in making up your mind. I think at a pinch you would act while Gentle would speak for help. You are both rather fond of number one and not prone to lay out any great amount of energy in the service of your neighbors, though your natures are just and kind. Both handwritings are decidedly like a good.

Germania.—I am sorry your turn was so long in coming. Your writing shows strength, determination, some mirth, modified caution and true Teutonic tenacity of purpose, also patience and conscientiousness. You are just, but not exactly generous, prone to weigh and judge people and things. As you doubtless like to be praised, I will tell you that your sentences are well constructed and your writing better than is usually shown even by very cultured Germans. If ever you care for information which I can give you, I shall be very pleased to hear from you.

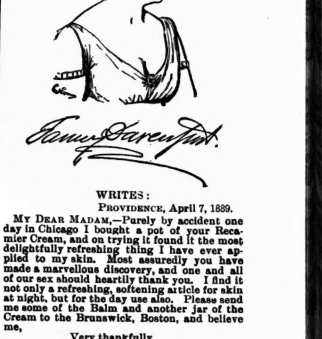
Raven Tresses.—The hot weather is my only comfortable time. I. The quotation for which you inquire is the conclusion of a song called Some Day, which came out about a decade ago and was sung to death. It is very beautiful. 2. Mauve, white and purple. They are often seen here, are as large round as a tea saucer and very peculiarly shaped and marked. Writing shows some imagination and fancy, fitfulness, not a great amount of it, a little given to exaggeration, which doesn't necessarily imply untruthfulness, very hopeful and candid, also true to what is believed right and good.

Allandale.—1. Nothing will remove the little beauty spots, though veils, lemon juice and care will do much to reasonably scarce. I have some score of maids asking the same question. 2. Writing shows great love of beauty, some musical or poetical talent, some love of fun, good sociability; probably a person who can keep the ball rolling and enjoy and make others enjoy the fun. You like things easy, and have found out that nothing is gained by quarreling with your lot in life. I think you have been open to all calls on your sympathies, and you delight in helping others. A very comfortable person to know, Allandale.

Thisty.—1. Whether it is proper for a young lady to go driving on Sunday evening or not depends upon circumstances. I suppose you mean going out with some young man? If the male persuasion under the age of forty, not a relative, and without a chaperone? That isn't allowable in the up per circles, Thisty, but is often permitted among the middle classes, and though it may sometimes be proper enough it very often isn't. You ask me to tell you why it isn't proper, but not having ever had such an experience nor yet an opportunity of observing others I must ask you to excuse me. I suppose from your mentioning Sunday evening you had some idea of offending religious proprieties by taking the air in the way you describe? For that view of it you have your conscience and I have mine. I think it a wrong thing to do, not an improper one; but if you don't agree with me, from the promptings of your own feelings say arguments of mine won't fol you for good. Your writing shows temper, impulse, want of cultivation, decided determination, lack of refinement, rather a bright and merry disposition with sudden change to despondency. I sincerely advise you to stay at home on Sunday evenings, my dear Trixie, if your only outing is the one you indicate about. Let me hear from you again if you wish to ask more questions. I shall be glad to answer them.

Bessie.—Why shouldn't an old maid be good-tempered? Surely she need only gase upon the married people o e growing old. Betsey, but be at times not to lose the blessings that age brings—the wise tolerance, the mild patience, the enlarged knowledge of the world and they that are in it. I am sometimes glad to meet the with coming years for these gifts they bring me. I don't think this old maid, whose heart is still so young as to love the country face of nature as she strolls through the woods and fields, needs much my advice, but if she feels herself souring let her take up some earnest work which will exact all the virtues she is losing. And if it is heart emptiness let her fill it with those unloved of God's little and big ones, who are, in country and town, always with us. Draw in those aimless longings, which, like those swooping tails to your letterr, Betsey, are neither useful nor ornamental.

Pica.—Your writing shows good natural talent, corresponding good opinion of yourself, a little exaggeration in ideas, great fondness for planning and I must allow, ability to carry out your plans, but Pica, while you would be generous over big things, I am afraid you might be decidedly mean over little ones. You are energetic and conversational, determined and self-reliant, a person who won'd touch lightly, perhaps irreverently, sacred things but who has many a little bolt of boiles which you resent other people's lightly handling. You are orderly, of an inquiring mind, very original in your methods and decided in your opinions. I could study your writing for an hour and only lay it aside because I must, feeling that I don't h if do you justice nor understand you—not half as well as you usually understand the people you meet. You may be the making of great happiness to the few and some good to the many, but I'd rather your nature were yours than mine. Your enclosure No. 1 is the exact opposite in every particular to your own. It is an undisciplined, careless, slovenly scrawl with several petty faults strongly accented and traces of temper, want of self-control, caprice, unreliability, sarcasm and a nature lacking generosity and almost all sarcasm but No. 2 writes it in perfect good faith. Thanks for three opposite and interesting studies. I enclose you the specimens as you desired.



WRITES:

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Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1085.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street.
HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 252 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:
No Life Without Love Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 60c
Revenge Musicale Valse
By J. C. Swallow.....Price 50c
Move On Polka
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40
Field Flowers Waltz
By M. A. Weped.....Price 60c
Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

Artistic Millinery
THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS FAYON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
153 Richmond Street - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

MILLINERY

See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.
Dress and Mantle Making Our Art
Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.
DRESS CUTTING taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.
Established 1860
J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

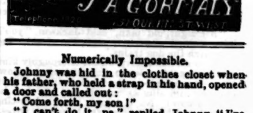
CORSETS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency
MISS CHUBB
436½ Yonge St., Just South of College

Your Picture Free
I will give absolutely free with every dozen of our cabinets a large size Crayon Picture of yourself.
Don't miss this opportunity.
LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents
AT
BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET
Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets
Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 391 Yonge Street.



Numerically Impossible.

Johnny was hid in the clothes closet when his father, who held a strap in his hand, opened a door and called out:

"Come forth, my son!"

"I can't do it, pa," replied Johnny, "I've got to come first or nothin'; I'm all alone in here."—*Binghamton Leader.*

Words of Wisdom.

Death is unforgetable.
Music first; after that, take your choice.
The hidden virtues are the most lovely.
An hour for yourself, the rest of the day for others.
You should not fear, nor yet should you wish for your last day.
How beautiful are the beauties of abnegation—in the retrospect!
A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.
Some men are fated to see no further than the top round of the treadmill.
No man ever offended his own conscience but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.
He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.
All the while thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it.
Transact business with men of the world like a person in a shower of rain, staying no longer than is indispensably necessary.

Couldn't Be Fooled.

Proprietor of Menagerie—That's our last importation—a fine Austrian eagle.
Visitor (indignantly)—Do you think I'm a fool? That an Austrian eagle? Why, it's only got one head.—*Life.*

It is Better than the Dime Box.

There is a hackneyed saying to the effect that if you take care of the pennies the pounds will take care of themselves. But most of us find the pennies incorrigible; they refuse to be taken care of. Now, however, appears a great corporation and says the pennies must be taken care of, and they will take means to do it. The Traders Bank have taken hold of a novel scheme whereby fortunes may be acquired before one is twenty-one years of age, by instead of taking care of the pennies yourself, letting them take care of them. The idea is a splendid one, as a reference to our advertising columns will show, and will hereafter be the fashion in Toronto for visitors to drop quarters or half-dollars or five-dollar gold pieces in the family edition of the Traders Bank. And should a young Torontonian have a best girl, as many have, he should, whenever he returns from visiting her, drop fifty cents in the slot in payment for pleasure received and as a sinking fund for the purchase of a parlor suite when he gets married.

'Varsity Schottische, by S. D. Schultz. Whaley, Royce & Co.

- WANTED -

An Organist and Choirmaster for Bond Street Congregational Church (Dr. Wilfry), Toronto.

Apply before August 1, stating age, qualification, references and stipend expected to THOMAS CLAXTON, Musical Emporium, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Applications only thoroughly competent musicians considered.

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

IF the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will take a peep into 202 on Monday next their eyes will rest upon the busiest store in Canada. From 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. thousands of ladies stream in by the main doors, and parcels by the hundreds are going out by every delivery, north, south, east and west, over this great city. The growth of the trade has been marvellous; only three months in the present store, and yet now doing the largest exclusive Dry Goods and Millinery business, we believe, on Yonge Street. There must be a SECRET SOMEWHERE, and if you are a lady reader no doubt you'd like to hear it—well, 'tis a tale easy told. We purchase for cash and sell for cash. During our eight years record we've always paid 100 cents to the dollar, consequently our purchasing is unimpaired by a mercantile record of failures, extensions and renewals, which, unfortunately, nine out of ten of the average merchants have to face. Our Mr. McKendry is the buyer for the house, having an experience extending over twenty-five years with some of the first houses in the old land. Trained since a youth to be a judge of qualities and styles, it is safe to affirm that no retail house can be better supplied with the best the world affords at the smallest prices. Other houses in this city entrust their buying to a parcel of boys and girls utterly untrained and incompetent; it is a necessity with them, as a good many at the head of pretty large houses have been brought up on farms and never served an hour to the dry goods trade. We can promise you three things—prompt and efficient service, largest and newest range of novelties to choose from, and prices that may possibly be equalled in one case out of ten, but the remaining nine cannot be approached.

Monday is Bargain Day. Some great surprises in store for the 8th.

McKENDRY'S
202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

The Champion Hackney Stallion, YOUNG NOBLEMAN, winner of first prize £100 and Gold Medal, open to the world at London (Islington) and ten first prizes. For catalogue of prizes, terms, etc., apply to

GEO. H. HASTINGS,
The Pines, Deer Park.

OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street, TORONTO — 147 St. James Street, MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

ARTISTIC HOMES

BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $5,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE — SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2,500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable well proportioned rooms, all in first-class order, comprising 12 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep bed, nicely sodded; fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's room. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.

MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. $11,500.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

DUFFERIN PARK

First day, June 3—2 32 class, 2 45 and free for all.
Second day, June 4—Three minute class, 2 30 and 2 35.
Third day, June 5—2 50 class, named race, team.

Race and running race mile heats, 2 in 3, four to enter and three to start; entrance fee 5 p. c.; weight for age; purse $200; money divided 60, 25 and 15 p. c.; entries close June 2. Team race, purse $2 0, four to enter and three to start; money divided 60, 25 and 15 p c.; entries close June 2; entrance fee 10 p. c. For the July meeting entrance fees will be reduced from 10 p. c. to 7½ p. c. for trotters and pacers.

Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds, 50c; vehicles, 50c. Entrance fee, 10 per cent., payable on the date when entries close for each meeting. All races to be for trotters only, except 2 50, 2 27 pace and free for all. All money divided 50 per cent., 25c per cent., 15 per cent., and 10 per cent. In all cases there must be five to enter and four to start. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money only. The right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes, in other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied with entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Dundas, College, Dovercourt and Bloor street cars.

J. R. CHARLES, Proprietor,
No. 880 Dufferin St., Toronto.

HAVE YOU A BOY?

If you have, bring him here and we will clothe him fashionably and neatly.

We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.

T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West — TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED
BY THE WONDERFUL BARGAINS

Our thousands of patrons now eagerly look for a weekly price list

THE BON MARCHE'S BULLETINS

are keenly searched from week to week by the buying public. They find food for reflection in every line of goods. For instance, note the following:

ONE hundred dozen ladies warranted stainless dye Black Cotton Hose worth 20c a pair. Price for next week only — 12½c PAIR

FIVE hundred yards lovely shades pure Silk Surahs, regular price was 40c. Special price for next week only — 25c YARD

TWO hundred and seventy-five doz. ladies fine Ribbed Boltonian Vests, regular price 15c. Price next week only — 9c EACH

SIX hundred and fifty yards pure Silk Figured Pongees; wholesale price was 52½c. Special price for next week only — 25c YARD

THREE special prices in Fine Kid Gloves
4 Button, evening shades, 25c, worth 75c
4 Button, tan shades, 35c, worth 50c
4 Button, all shades, 50c, worth 75c

SEVEN special prices in Black Cashmeres and Henriettas

40c. Cashmere	25c	50c. Henrietta	40c
50c Cashmere	35c	65c. Henrietta	50c
65c. Cashmere	50c	75c. Henrietta	60c

Black Silk Warp Henrietta 50c, worth 75c

FOUR hundred dozen ladies fine pure Silk Gloves, 4 button length, regular price 40c. Price for next week only — 25c PAIR

EIGHT hundred yards All-wool Debeiges, sold at 20c, 25c and 30c per yard Special price for next week only — 10c YARD

THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 King Street East

PATTERSON'S
FIRE SALE
OF
$35,000 GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Is the topic of conversation. Special drives in

Underwear, White and Cambric Shirts

TO-DAY, SATURDAY

165 YONGE STREET 165

SPECIAL SALE
OF
WALL PAPERS

WE have purchased a large line of Fine Wall Papers at special prices, and shall offer them after Tuesday, May 26, at a great reduction. These are not dry goods store papers, but the highest qualities of the best makers. We will sell embossed golds at 25c, per roll, usually sold at 40c.; fine embossed golds at 75c., usually sold $1.00; wide friezes, embossed gold, at 15c. and 20c., &c.

ELLIOTT & SON
94 and 96 Bay Street — Toronto

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way

BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.
6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

Can You Afford

to miss spending a few weeks at the most charming of Canadian summer resorts? Lorne Park is acknowledged by every one who has been there to be that place. If not, you had better make arrangements at once for rooms at the Hotel Louise. Rates, $9 and $10 and $15 and $16 per week. Magnificent steamer Carmona from Geddes' Wharf, and good train service by the G. T. R. Telephone, Post Office, Livery, Lawn Tennis, Evening Entertainments. Reduced rates in June. Address:

LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

Niagara River Line
SINGLE TRIPS

PALACE STEAMER
"CHICORA."

Commencing Monday, May 18, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

M. STAUNTON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES
AND IMPORTED
GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West

MISS HOLLAND
Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street
Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

WE HAVE SOLD THE
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
FOR
FIVE YEARS
AND
Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

DENTISTRY.

DR. H. D. BOYES
DENTIST, ETC.
Room 26 Yonge Street Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

Pike's Piano Polish
OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
P. P. P.
Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIS—At Toronto, on May 26, Mrs. P. W. Ellis—a daughter.
McBEAN—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. John A. McBean—a son (still-born).
HARRIS—At Toronto, on May 13, Mrs. A. D. Harris—a daughter.
COLWELL—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. A. H. Colwell—a daughter.
CUNNINGHAM—At Toronto, on May 26, Mrs. J. D. Cunningham—a daughter.
DRUMMOND—At Toronto, on May 28, Mrs. A. A. Drummond—a son.
LAYTON—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. David B. Layton—a son.
MOSEY—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. W. R. Mosey—a son.
McILWAIN—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. McIlwain—a daughter.
BUCKLEY—At Toronto, on May 28, Mrs. Maurice J. Buckley—a daughter.
MACLEAN—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. W. B. Maclean—a son.
MULQUEEN—At Toronto, on May 28, Mrs. D. Mulqueen—a daughter.
McINTYRE—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. Peter McIntyre—a daughter.
McKENDRY—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. C. D. McKendry—a son.
ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. J. H. Armstrong—a daughter.
DYAS—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. Thomas W. Dyas—a daughter.

Marriages.

BEASLEY—GRIFFITH—At Donald, B. C., on June 3, in St. Peter's church, by Rev. J. C. C. Kenun, Harry Exeter Beasley to Katherine, second daughter of Rev. David Griffith of Dolgelly, North Wales.
HUSTIS—BROWN—At Toronto, on May 28, Arthur Edward Hustis of Halifax, N.S., to Amy Douglas Brown.
HOBSON—COTTER—At Cayuga, on May 27, Thomas Hobson of Hamilton, to Fanny Cotter.
ROSS—SHERLOCK—At Southampton, on May 27, George Forbes Ross of Mexico City to Frances Griffin Sherlock.
DISNEY—BURGOUGH—At Toronto, on May 27, Harold Disney of New Westminster, B. C., to Mary Bunough of London, England.
ROGERS—ELLIOTT—At London, on May 26, Edward A. Rogers to Louie Elliot.
SMITH—TURNER—At Fullerton, on May 27, Rev. T. J. Smith to Ada R. Turner.
ROBERTSON—McGUGAN—At Toronto, on June 1, John M. Robinson to Mary McGugan.
VOKES—HUNT—At Toronto, on May 13, John Vokes to Rose M. Hunt.

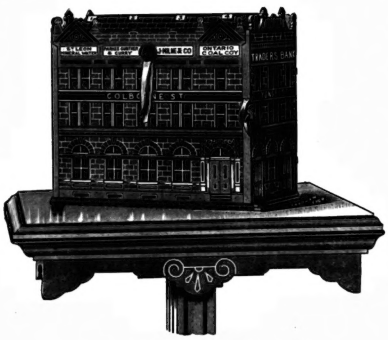
Deaths.

CURRIE—At Toronto, on June 1, Gertrude May Currie, aged 5 months.
DEAN—At Toronto, on May 31, Eva Neakhern Dean, aged 24 years.
PATTERSON—At Wexford, on May 31, Jessie Patterson.
CROFT—At Toronto, on May 30, Norman Orsini Croft, aged 4 months.
BREDIN—At Colborne, on May 30, Rev. John Bredin, D.D., aged 72 years.
SCULLY—At Toronto, Annie Louise Scully, aged 7 years.
LENNOX—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. Lennox, aged 54 years.
EVANS—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. Rebecca Evans, aged 77 years.
WILLCOCK—At Toronto, Mrs. Ellen Mary Willcock, aged 40 years.
GREENLEES—At Toronto, on May 31, John Greenlees, aged 40 years.
STEWART—At Port Lambton, on May 25, Mrs. Catharine Stewart, aged 69 years.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on May 28, Alice Clarke, aged 3 years.
MOWAT—At Toronto, on May 26, John A. Mowat, aged 34 years.
ALLEN—At Toronto, on May 29, Nellie Josephine Allen, aged 4 years.
COOLAHAN—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. Annie Coolahan, aged 40 years.
CRAIG—At Port Hope, on May 29, William Craig, aged 72 years.
FLEWS—On May 24, Mrs. Susan Flews, aged 91 years.
SHEPERD—At Toronto, on May 29, George Sheperd, L.D.S., aged 30 years.

Mothers
Nestle's Milk Food for infants has, during 25 years, grown in favor with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now unquestionably not only the best substitute for mothers' milk, but the food which agrees with the largest percentage of infants. It gives strength and stamina to resist the weakening effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of infants. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food.
Thos. Leeming & Co., Sole Ag'ts, 19 Murray St., N. Y.
Nestle's MILK FOOD

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES.
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

HOUSEHOLD SAVINGS BANK



IN CONNECTION WITH
The Traders' Bank of Canada
COR. YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - - $1,000,000,
PAID-UP CAPITAL - - 600,000.

DIRECTORS:
Mr. ALEXANDER MANNING, Toronto, President
Mr. WILLIAM BELL, Guelph, Vice-President.
Mr. R. THOMSON, Hamilton.
Mr. S. F. McKINNON, Toronto.
Mr. A. A. ALLAN, Toronto.

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager. ÆMILIUS JARVIS, Inspector.

A new, attractive and most convenient Savings Bank System will be opened by The Traders' Bank of Canada, that handsome building situated on the corner of Yonge and Colborne Streets, in the very heart of Toronto, and easily accessible by all street car lines.

On application to us upon the form attached, we will supply you with a Household Savings Bank, sending same to your residence or place of business, free of charge, a handsome Nickel Plated Iron Model of our Building, 9 x 8 x 5 inches, and containing four compartments, each entered by an opening or slot for the reception of savings. Over each slot will be a place into which may be inserted the name of the depositor. The Bank is protected by one lock, the key of which remains in our possession. Our intention is to send an officer to the houses of applicants to collect and count the deposits (once a month at residences but oftener at stores), entering the same in pass-books held by the depositor, and upon the Bank memorandum book which he will carry with him. Of course it is not necessary that all deposits should be made in the Household Bank. If more convenient our patrons can deposit direct at our main office. Interest will be allowed at the rate of four per cent. per annum, dating from the first of the month following the date of collection.

By this simple system you will see that a Bank is brought right within your very doors, and the seeds of thrift and economy sown among your children and household. Much surprise will be expressed at the rapidity with which small sums saved daily accumulate, and thousands of dollars find their way into the Bank, which would otherwise be misspent. The present Savings Banks of the country are quite inadequate to meet the requirements of small depositors. None receive a smaller sum than one dollar, and if they did, few persons would care to face a teller with a ten or twenty-five cent deposit; besides which, they have to be visited at fixed hours, involving a loss of time, often representing more money than that to be deposited. By our system these difficulties are overcome, as no time is lost and no sum is too small to be deposited.

THOSE TO WHOM THE SYSTEM WILL BE OF SERVICE
The Retail Merchant, Clerk, Mechanic or Artisan.
Confidence in one's self is the keystone to success.

To have this confidence in business matters, one must first have some capital. How to get this capital is the rub. It can be done, and quickly too. How? By saving small sums daily and the exercise of a little self-denial. The result will be marvellous; you will soon accumulate a snug little sum.

TO PARENTS—The presence of the Bank in your house will instil into your children at an early age the principles of thrift and economy. At the same time, it will educate to and familiarize them with business principles and practices.

TO THE HOUSEWIFE.—Your husband allows you a stated sum per month to pay the household expenses. Now arrange that he pays you this sum about the time our collecting officer makes his monthly visit. Deposit the bulk of your allowance, keeping only enough cash for incidentals, and obtain from our officer a book of cheques. Pay all your tradesmen by these cheques, made payable to order. You will thus save the annoyance of keeping receipts, as the endorsement of the person to whom you wish the money paid is sufficient receipt, and payment can always be proved by the Bank.

TO DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—You cannot work always. Remember, you receive part of your wages in board. Of the balance—$6, $8 or $10, as the case may be—you should save at least one-half. Put this into the Household Savings Bank. Your master or your mistress will think all the more of you, if you ask for an unused compartment; for, if you are saving in your own matters, you will be saving in theirs. If there is no compartment unused, ask some friends to join you and apply direct to us for a separate Bank.

TO PERSONS CARRYING LIFE INSURANCE OR HAVING TO PAY RENT.—Instead of being "hard up," and having to finance to meet your insurance premiums or rent, drop 25 cents a day into the Bank. The money will not be missed, and in this way your liabilities will take care of themselves.

TO ALL OTHERS.—There is no branch of the community to which our Household Savings Bank will not be of use, or any home where the habit of saving encouraged will not be of some benefit.

Do not delay sending in your order, as it will take at least ten days after its receipt before we can make delivery, this time being necessary to arrange our routes, etc.

Cut this out, sign and forward to the Savings Bank Department.
FORM OF APPLICATION.

TORONTO,.....189
TO THE SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT,
THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA,
TORONTO.
Please supply to my (state residence or store).....No.....
.....Street,.....Ward,
one of your HOUSEHOLD SAVINGS BANKS, for the care of which I agree to become responsible.
.....

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.
Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.
SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Warerooms: - - 89 King Street West, Toronto

BUY THE
LEHIGH
Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

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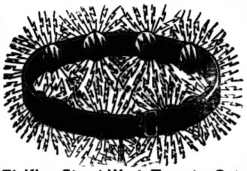

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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
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We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
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